



No. 457.—Vol. XXXVI

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



WELCOME HOME!

A NEW PORTRAIT OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGHES AND MULLINS, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Return of the Duke of Cornwall and York—General French—Sir Redvers Buller's Past Services—Crockford's—D'Orsay.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK and his charming wife will, on their return to London, drive through the very heart of Clubland—for Piccadilly and St. James's Street are to be included in the route taken—and "The Men of the Clubs," though not as demonstrative as "The Men in the Streets," are just as sincere in welcoming home with all affection and loyalty the Heir to the Throne and his spouse at the conclusion of the most successful foreign tour ever undertaken by a Royal Prince. There has not been one untoward incident to mar the pleasure of the splendid trip, and if we at home, the men of the parent stock, hope to emulate the great outburst of loyalty with which the Duke has been received in the Commonwealth, the Dominion, and the Colonies, we shall have to cheer with a will and hang out all our flags. Never was enthusiasm more royally justified than is ours for the Duke, for, as Ambassador for the King and for the country, he has done, by his graciousness and tact, more towards the unification of the Empire than a score of laws and a hundred speeches in Parliament could do.

It is an example of the curious twists that Fortune gives her wheel that the General who is eventually to succeed Sir Redvers Buller in the command of the First Army Corps would never have had the opportunity of doing the admirable service in South Africa which has made his name a household word in our mouths had it not been for the now retired Commander whom he replaces. General French commanded the Cavalry under Sir Redvers in some Autumn Manœuvres on a large scale, and so impressed his superior officer with his rapid appreciation of varying circumstances and his capacity for handling masses of mounted men that, when the War in South Africa broke out, General Buller, who had been offered the supreme Command, made it a *sine quâ non* that General French should be sent out as his Cavalry General.

It is not my province to discuss any matter connected with discipline, the more especially as I have worn the red and served with the colours; but as I have soldiered under Sir Redvers on active service, and have felt, as everyone has done who has been brought into contact with him in the field, the sense of reliance in the strong man, the knowledge that he would never sacrifice life unnecessarily, and that, if there were a spot where especial danger was to be found, there Sir Redvers, cool and confident, would be, I may be permitted to express a keen regret that his active connection with the Service ceases under stormy skies. Sir Redvers has disclaimed any exceptional personal bravery, but all men who saw him on the day of the fight by the Inhlobane Mountain during the Zulu War know that on that day he won his Victoria Cross many times over. When our grandsons read military history, the withdrawal, in the Soudan Campaign, of the Desert Column from Gubat to Gakdul, carried out by Sir Redvers after Sir Herbert Stewart's death, will be one of the examples given them of a masterly retreat in which the force falling back engaged and severely defeated the enemy. When Sir Redvers was Chief of the Staff to Lord Wolseley in this same campaign, the Staff-officers under his orders used to say that his brain worked so rapidly that it quite outran theirs in the attempt to keep pace with him. The French soldier remembers Boulanger, "le brave Général," to this day as the man who gave him a knife and fork to eat his dinner with. Tommy Atkins will always have a tender corner in his heart for Sir Redvers Buller, not only as being the bravest of the brave, but also as being the General who always managed to give his men full rations.

The production of "The Last of the Dandies" at Her Majesty's Theatre has set Clubmen gossiping about Crockford's, the gambling Club which supplies one of the scenes in the second Act of the play. "Crocky's," as it used to be called for short, was installed in the house which is now the habitation of the Devonshire Club and which was built by Crockford. Crockford died in 1840, a rich man; but in the sixty-odd years that have passed since then two differing versions of his habits and appearance have become current. Sometimes he is depicted as a harmless, little, grey-whiskered man passing through the rooms and doing little more than risking his £5000 nightly in a hazard bank; sometimes he is "the old fishmonger, seated snug and sly at his desk in the corner of the room," who "would only give credit to sure and approved signatures." It is a matter of doubt whether Crockford built the Club with his own money, or whether he had two noblemen as partners in his speculation. Crockford's widow sold the Club, which was re-decorated and opened as the Military, Naval, and County Service. This new Club had a life of only two years, and then the house became a restaurant, the Wellington, one of the half-dozen good dining-places which our grandfathers patronised half-a-century ago. Its next tenants were auctioneers, who, however, did not long occupy the house. The Devonshire Club, the staid institution which is installed in the old gaming-rooms and a house added at the back, is a social Club, with a Liberal-Unionist trend in politics.

Count D'Orsay, the hero of the play in the Haymarket, was the typical Clubman of the early 'forties, and it is curious to contrast him with the typical Clubman of to-day. He was a good horseman and an indifferent game-shot, and as a sportsman the Clubman of to-day would have had the advantage of him. He was an admirable swordsman and an average pistol-shot, and in both these then necessary accomplishments he would have outclassed the man of to-day.

THE CHAPERON.

The Engagement of the Duke of Hamilton and Miss Nina Poore—The Return of the (Royal) Natives—A Kingly Wedding-Gift—The "C.H.E.A." at Bath House, Piccadilly.

FROM every chaperon's point of view, the engagement of the Duke of Hamilton is a peculiarly interesting event, for he has now been for some years one of the great *partis*, the fact that he has been seen very little in Society, and has, I believe, not yet taken his seat in the House of Lords, not making him the less interesting to those who would fain see their daughter wearing the strawberry-leaves.

Were the claims of romance to be considered, the owner of Hamilton Palace, and the thirteenth holder of his splendid title, ought to have, in due course, wedded his cousin, the only child of the late Duke, the young girl who will in future days count as having been among the greatest heiresses of the twentieth century, and to whom the late Duke—who was, by the way, quite one of the most eccentric and striking personalities of the later Victorian era, and with whom the King, as Prince of Wales, was very intimate—left every penny he could and all the land which was not entailed to pass with the Dukedom.

The bridegroom-elect, who is still on the right side of forty, was, at the time of his birth, about as far removed from his present position as it is possible for a scion of a noble house to be—indeed, he is only descended from the fourth Duke of Hamilton. He was at one time in the Navy, but for some years before he succeeded to the title he retired from the Service, owing to ill-health. He has, however, according to his neighbours in Lanarkshire, been gradually getting better, and the news of his engagement was not so great a surprise to those who have been his guests at Hamilton Palace as the papers would have us believe. The future Duchess is a sister of the Duke's brother-in-law, Major Poore. Her sisters are Lady Wilson and Lady Pelly, and she is well known and popular in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, where her father has a pretty place.

This ducal engagement has followed curiously soon after the marriage of the Duke's heir-presumptive, Mr. Douglas Hamilton. The Duke is fond of travelling, and not long ago made a tour, with Major and Lady Flora Poore, in South Africa. But, after his marriage, he is almost certain to settle down at Hamilton Palace, which has been described, with, I think, a touch of exaggeration, as "one of the grandest residences in Europe."

Many well-known people have returned to town in the wake of the Court, and this week the one topic of conversation is the return of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. The Duchess will find her children very little altered, save the baby Prince Henry, who has, of course, changed very much in the last seven months. I heard a touching little fact the other day which I have not seen reported in any paper, namely, that the Duke and Duchess took with them on the *Ophir* a number of biographs, or moving pictures, of their children, showing them at breakfast, at play, and so on; so, whenever the Duchess felt too lonely, she was able to realise very vividly how her babies were employing their time. All the Royalties apparently delight in moving pictures, and the ruling caste are among the most profitable patrons of the Biograph Companies both here and on the Continent.

Lord Cromer and Lady Katherine Thynne's marriage was attended by one of the most interesting and distinguished crowds gathered together for many a long day, among those present being many of the late Lady Cromer's most attached friends. Royalty was represented only in the person of Countess Gleichen, but there were several Royal gifts, of which the most noted was naturally the very fine silver inkstand presented by the King, and which was deeply engraved with the following inscription, which appeared to be actually written in the donor's well-known hand: "Evelyn, Earl Cromer, on his marriage, from Edward R. and I., October 1901." The first days of the honeymoon were spent at Holkham Hall, Lord Leicester's famous Norfolk seat. Lady Cromer is sure of a very warm welcome at Cairo, for Lord Cromer is, to all intents and purposes, the uncrowned King of Egypt, and during the last two winters the English Colony badly felt the need of a Queen.

Nowadays, philanthropy and amusement are very apt to go hand-in-hand, but nothing save praise can be given to the excellent Children's Happy Evenings Association, which owes so much to the energy and kindness of its Hon. Sec., Mrs. Bland-Sutton, the good-looking and popular wife of the well-known surgeon. Quite one of the prettiest minor social events of last week was the Doll Show held in connection with the "C.H.E.A." at Bath House, Mrs. Julius Wernher having gathered together quite a splendid lot of toys, including a much-noticed contribution from the Duchess of Cornwall and York, who has now been President of the Association for some years. Of course, workers are always wanted, and many well-known women, including such busy people as Lady Jersey and Lady Cadogan, can yet find time to take a very active part in the excellent work of brightening the lives of innumerable little London children; while another charming woman who has given much personal service of the same kind is Lady Howard de Walden, who, by the way, has been much amused at the absurd stories circulated concerning her son's engagement to a young lady nearly ten years older than himself.

HOME-COMING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS: PORTSMOUTH'S ROYAL GUESTS.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

Photo by Debenham and Sons, Cowes.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

Photo by Milne, Ballater.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Home Again Once More—A Welcome to the Duke and Duchess—A Splendid Tour—The "L.C.C." and the Streets—Disestablishing the "Pea-Souper"—The Epidemics—Football in a Fog—Light and Dark Blues—Sunderland's Defeat.

TO-MORROW many of us will see the King and Queen off from Victoria for Portsmouth, where they will receive the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their return from their visit to Britain Beyond the Seas. It will be more than seven months ago that the King and Queen went down to the great Naval Port to see their son and daughter-in-law off for the great trip round the world, and, interesting though the journey must have been, I expect that the Duke and Duchess will be glad to be at home again, and to have a rest from the perpetual round of sight-seeing, receptions, and official functions. Personally, I cannot imagine anything more fatiguing than this sort of work, especially if you happen to have an aching tooth, as the Duke had a good part of the time.

But Saturday will be the great day for London, as then the King and Queen, with the Duke and Duchess and the little Princes, will be welcomed home by all of us on their safe return. The route of the procession is fixed for Grosvenor Place, Piccadilly, and St. James's Street, and I only hope that someone will see that nobody, "statutory" or otherwise, is seized with a mania for laying down pipes and pulling up those streets on or before Saturday next.

As *The Sketch* is sure to be one of the first papers which the Duke and Duchess will look at on their arrival in England, I hope that they will allow "The Man in the Street" to welcome them home again most heartily, and to congratulate them on the splendid results of their "apprenticeship" voyage to all the great daughter States of the Empire. The Duchess is the first English Princess who has ever visited the Southern Seas and crossed the Equator.

I am glad to see that the County Council has at last been spurred into debating the question of the eternal digging-up of the streets, and more especially pleased that the question of the system of subways in London, which "The Man in the Street" has so often advocated, is being talked about. It may be said that talk is not much, but, after all, it is a beginning, and, if words can only be translated into acts, we shall get along presently.

Another nuisance which is to be inquired into is our old friend the London Fog. One point which should not be forgotten is that the "London Particular," or "pea-souper," has not troubled us much of recent years, and, if the reason for that can be discovered, perhaps fogs may be abolished altogether some day. For a long time we have not had to walk about London holding on to the walls with one hand, or seen link-boys with flaming torches offering to light us home. But this year promises to be very foggy, and we may have a "pea-souper" yet.

I must say that I am a little puzzled over this small-pox scare. I have no wish to speak slightly of this awful disease, but it seems to me a little odd that so much should have been made of the epidemic, when scarlet fever and diphtheria, which are equally serious, attract no attention. And yet, on the day on which I am writing, the official report gives the number of small-pox cases as 168, while those suffering from fever and diphtheria are no fewer than 5122, or more than thirty times as many. I suppose that it is the chance of a horrible disfigurement which tells, or, logically, there should be a scarlet-fever scare.

On Saturday it was a bit of a puzzle for "The Man in the Street" to choose his football-match, for there were three fixtures any one of which was good enough to see. The Newport Fifteen came to Blackheath, the Cambridge men came to Richmond, and Oxford played Old Merchant Taylors in the Old Deer Park at Richmond. It was evident that the Blackheathens could have little chance against Newport; and so it turned out, for the visitors won the game by four goals and a try to one goal. Blackheath fought hard for the defence, but Lloyd was in grand form, and kicked the four goals with three places and a drop.

At Richmond, there was a fine sample of a fog, which prevented very much being seen of the game between Richmond and the Light Blues. Both sides made a splendid fight of it, but Richmond were a trifle the stronger, and defeated their opponents by one goal to nothing. The goal was obtained not long before half-time, and then the two sides fought on in the fog without being able to score again. At the Old Deer Park the game was still more even. Each side scored a try, but the Old Merchant Taylors failed to get a goal from a difficult place, and Oxford from an easy one, so honours were divided.

In the League matches, Newcastle United made hay of Notts County and beat them easily by eight goals to nothing, Orr and Peddie being in great form, and between them scoring seven goals. Sunderland, who still head the list, got beaten by Bury in a splendid game full of exciting incidents. Monks scored for Bury just after half-time, but for the rest of the game the play was so even that neither side could score. This was Sunderland's second defeat; the leading Clubs are very level, and there should be plenty of fun before the season is finished.

"THE SENTIMENTALIST," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

THE SENTIMENTALIST" certainly is a curious play, in which one feels the influences of several kinds of drama, but it has, at least, the merit of opening beautifully and being full of interest to the end. The critics have flung the terms "melodrama" and *Family Herald* at it, and certainly there are moments when it is too violently theatrical, yet there is force and a sense of beauty throughout, and it is in the technical rather than the imaginative that the piece shows less quality than might have been expected. The prologue is quite delightful—perhaps, indeed, its beauty proves injurious, since it was hardly possible that the play should remain on so high a level, and, of course, "well begun, half done," does not apply to drama. It is noticeable, by the way, that the scenic effects in the prologue and some other parts of the play are of remarkable beauty, particularly when the comparative smallness of the stage and the number of the changes are taken into account. The *Sentimentalist*—there is rather a Byronic flavour about him, and one almost expects turn-down collars—is rather a dangerous fellow for modern drama. The poet who, deceived in virtue, seeks refuge in vice, becomes cynical libertine, and then suddenly is converted to pure passion and fierce self-sacrifice, can hardly be put on the stage without some risk of the ridiculous—unless, indeed, the character can be developed at interminable length—and even the vigorous, sincere acting of Mr. Lewis Waller failed at moments to cause Evan Griffen to keep his hold on the house. However, the fact remains that, despite the intolerable "waits" of the first-night, the audience showed abundant signs of hearty pleasure in the work of Mr. H. V. Esmond, the very popular player whose abandonment of the actor's career one cannot help deploring. The surprise and, in a sense, greatest pleasure of the evening came from Miss Miriam Clements, for some years past noted as a beauty, generally in front of the footlights, who, save in a farce at the Strand and in "Kitty Grey," has had no heavy task in London. Miss Clements, from start to finish, showed herself an actress of real value, easy in style, effective, and rich in charm; her performance and that of Mr. Lewis Waller in the prologue were quite admirable, and remembrance of the three scenes "Dawn," "Day," and "Night" will not fade away easily. Miss Carlotta Addison, in an unaccustomed line, that of a caustic old gentlewoman with a touch of sentiment—a kind of

And if I laugh at any mortal thing
'Tis that I may not weep—

made a great "hit" and caused hearty laughter. Mr. C. W. Somerset, the wicked old Duke (the Dukes have an evil reputation on the stage), was very effective, particularly in the grim scene where Evan Griffen—with "two lovely black eyes"—threatens to kill him if he will not give up the heroine, and, failing in his threat, murders him by a scratch with a poisoned instrument. This scene was really powerful, and it is not clear why it should be sneered at as melodrama and *Family Herald*—compensatory terms of reproach easily applied and still more easily misapplied. The manly acting of Mr. Ben Webster was of great service. Whatever one may think about the details of the piece, two things are clear: one, that the first-night representation did less than justice to it; and the other, that it is an interesting, clever, if uneven, drama, with some very beautiful passages.

ALL SOULS' EVE.

From sea-ooze and from river-bed, from churchyards old and new,
The dead men rise and seek their own, and I, my dear, seek you.
Against your hair, against your hand, my kissing lips I set:
My heart beats on your heart again, Margaret.

O good it is to see old love re-lighted in your eyes,
As we meet down by the river beneath October skies!
O good it is to touch your hand and know that you forget
The grave-dust that has clogged my feet, Margaret!

I had not known you, too, were dead, my sweet, until to-day;
I wondered that no footstep came to strike fire through my clay.
But glad I am to know no man will see Time's passing fret
The pallid flower of your face, Margaret.

Did you think long as I thought long before our hands might meet,
And are you glad as I am glad that here our wandering feet
Are stayed that might have strayed so far afield, and never met
On any kind November Eve, Margaret?

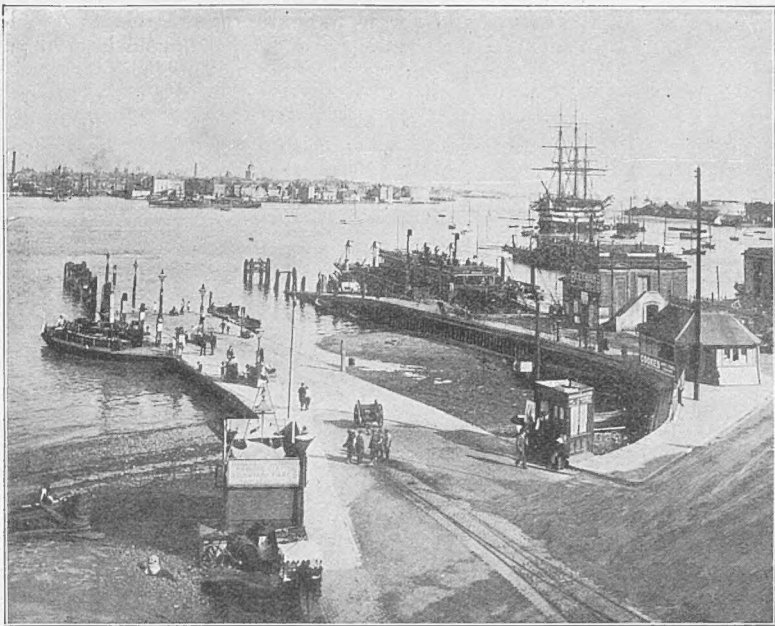
And are you glad as I am glad that we have died so young,
Before the May dew off my feet, the honey off your tongue
Had died and dried? And are you glad there is no period set
To this, our loving after death, Margaret?

And are you glad the wan water rose to your lips, and sealed
You to be always fresh and fair as any flower in field?
And are you glad the fever lit a fire no wind could fret
And burned my body unto death, Margaret?

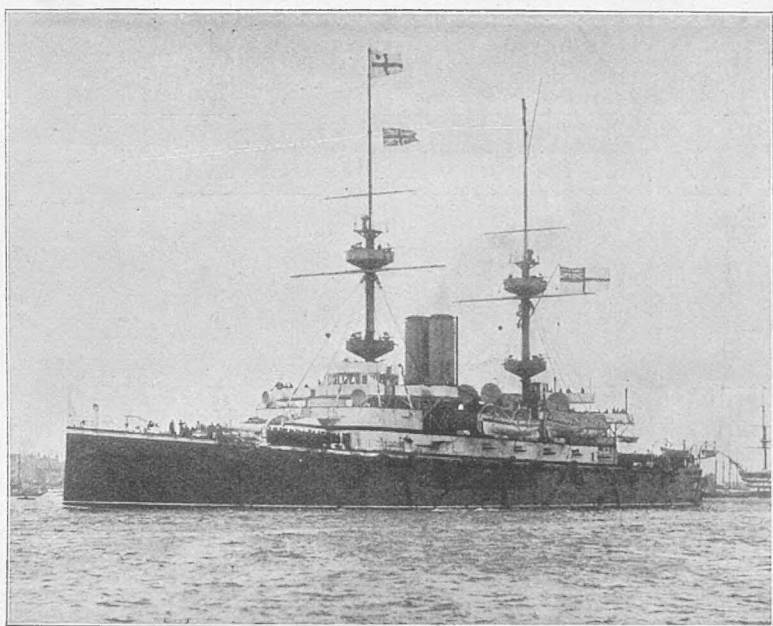
It is my soul that holds your soul, and not my hand of clay
That holds your hand, and from your hair wrings the cold dew away:
That feels old love alive again and knoweth no regret,
But blesses Death we died so young, Margaret. NORA CHESSEON.

HOME-COMING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS: APROPOS VIEWS OF PORTSMOUTH.

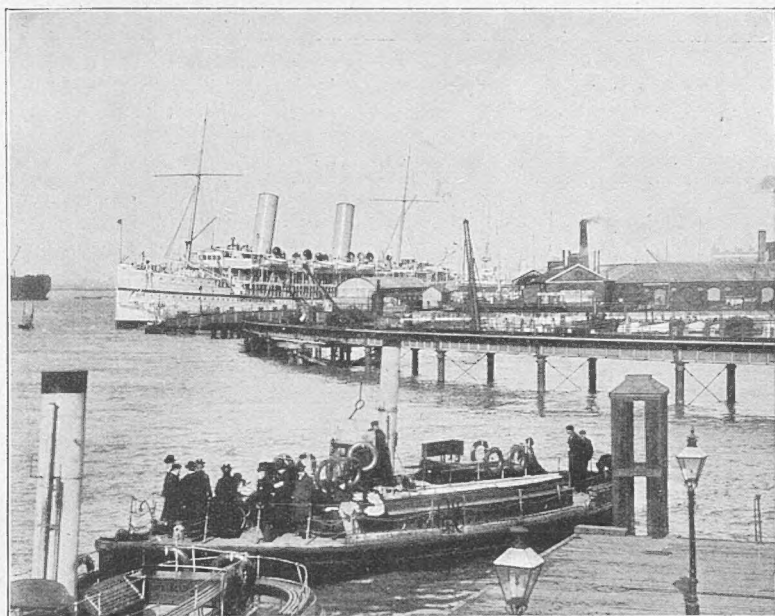
From Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.



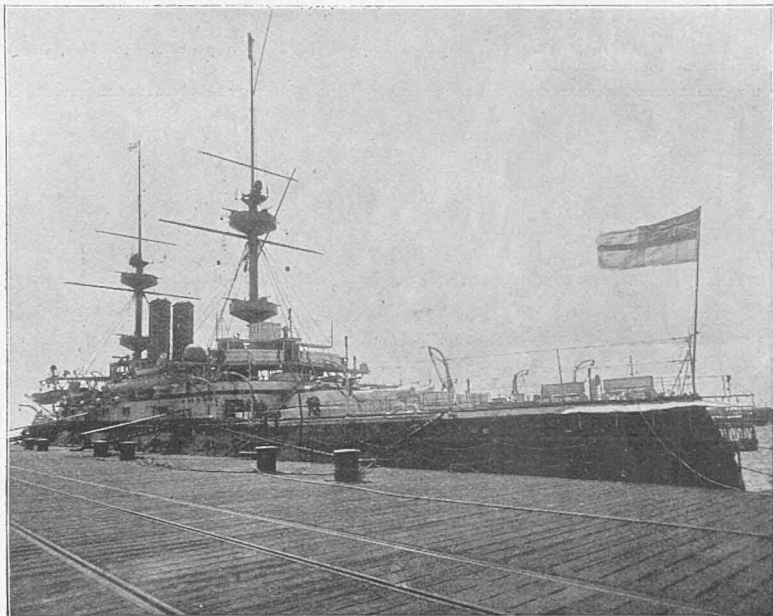
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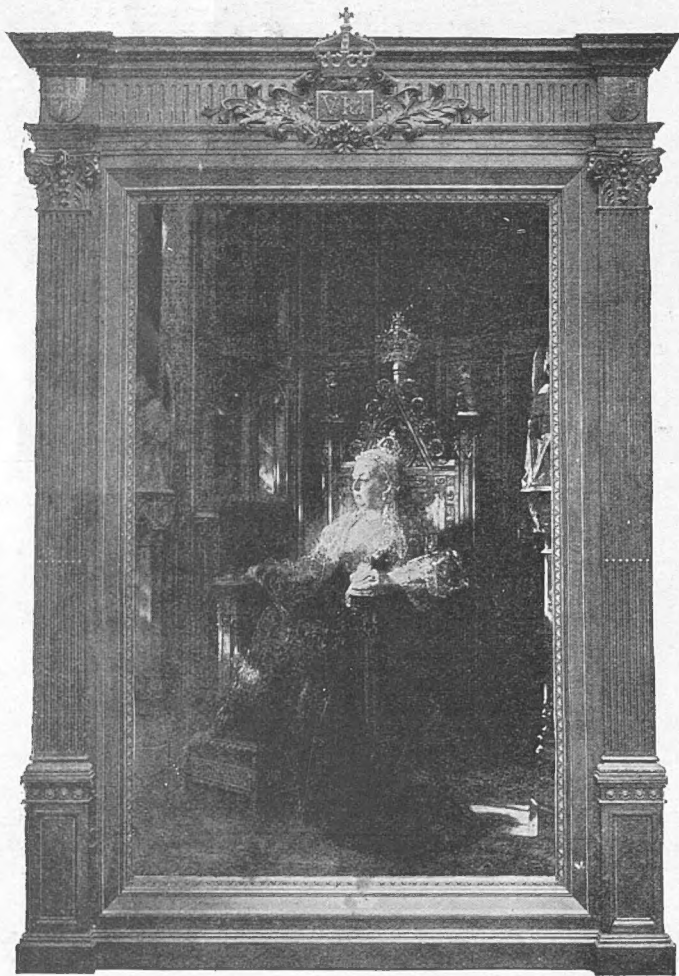
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LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

RETURN OF T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

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MESSRS MILLAR, SON, and CO., having disposed of the Lease of the Mansion, will SELL BY AUCTION on the Premises on Wednesday, November 6th, and following days, at 12 o'clock (punctually) each day (in consequence of the Number of Lots), the COSTLY and VALUABLE FURNITURE by GILLOWS, comprising handsome Bedroom Suites, in Sheraton, Satinwood, Burr Walnut, Mahogany, consisting of Wardrobes, Dressing and Washing Tables, Chests of Drawers, Chairs, Cabinets, Sofas, and Writing and Fancy Tables; Massive Brass Bedsteads, Satinwood Twin Bedsteads; Expensive Toilet Sets; Mirrors, Fenders, and Implements. Costly Drawing-Room Appointments. Satinwood and Inlaid Marqueterie Cabinets; Card, Centre, Writing, Occasional, and other Tables. Superb Grand Piano by Broadwood in Amboyna and Satinwood case, richly mounted Ormolu; White and Gilt Chairs, Couches, Fauteuils, Settees, &c., &c. Upholstered in Green and Gold Silk Brocade. Satinwood and Inlaid Thermes and Pedestals. Screens. Inlaid and Venetian Mirrors, Pier Glasses. Boudoir in Satinwood. Empire Marqueterie and Ormolu Cabinets of the Periods of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. Dining-Room in Oak. Noble Sideboard, Side Tables, Dining-Table, Carving, Lounge, and Occasional Chairs. Spanish Mahogany Book-Case. Davenport, Tambour Front, and other Writing-Tables. Library of handsomely bound books, including Abbotsford Edition of Waverley Novels, Hogarth's Works (large), Shakespeare, Punch, Dickens, &c. Silk Brocade and other Window Curtains. Turkey, Wilton, Brussels, and other Carpets. Valuable China, Bracket, and other Clocks. Cigar, Specimen, and other Cabinets. Chubb's Jewel-Safe. Batterie de Cuisine. Plated Ware. China and Glass Services. Domestic Appliances and Miscellaneous Items.

Private View, Saturday, Nov. 2. Public View, Nov. 4 and 5, and mornings of Sale.
CATALOGUES AT THE AUCTIONEERS' OFFICES, 46, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

39, GROSVENOR PLACE.

CHINA. BRONZES. STATUARY.

MESSRS. MILLAR, SON, and CO. respectfully invite attention to the Collection of important Viennese Enamels, comprising a superb Nef, Caskets, Vases, Cornucopia, &c. Ornamental China, including Specimens of Chelsea, Derby, Worcester, Vienna, B. lin, Capo di Monte; Oriental valuable Bronzes, Cartel Clock, and Barometer in Ormolu, and Sevres Vases; beautiful Statuary, Groups, Figures, &c.

AUCTION AND ESTATE OFFICES, 46, PALL MALL, S.W.

39, GROSVENOR PLACE.

MESSRS. MILLAR, SON, and CO. respectfully invite attention to the Magnificent Grand Pianoforte by Broadwood and Son, Full Compass, Trichord, in a superb case of Amboyna and Satinwood, richly mounted in Ormolu.

AUCTION AND ESTATE OFFICES, 46, PALL MALL, S.W.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Alterations at Windsor Castle.

The alterations that are being effected at Windsor Castle will give an entirely new aspect to the interior of this Royal residence. The various lifts in themselves impart a modern aspect to the Castle, and their fitting-up has of necessity disturbed the old arrangement of many of the apartments. The rooms which Prince Albert occupied, and which have been unused for forty years, have been put in readiness for the King, while the bedroom and boudoir of Queen Victoria will be occupied by Queen Alexandra. Some of the pictures at Windsor Castle have been removed, notably Angeli's portrait of Princess Beatrice as a girl, which will ultimately be placed on the walls of her house at Kensington Palace, and the positions of nearly all have been changed. After the Coronation, some of the restrictions regarding admission to the Castle will be removed; but a stringent rule will be enforced against the use of kodak or camera in the grounds at Windsor.

A Royal Hausfrau.

The German Empress fulfils in a remarkable degree the traditional German ideal of a good wife. It was forty-three years ago on Oct. 22 that a little daughter was born to the Hereditary Prince Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein Sonderburg-Augustenburg and was christened by the comparatively humble name of Jenny, coming in meekly at the end of the more magniloquent appellations of Augusta Victoria Frederica Louise Feodora. She was a favourite granddaughter of the late Queen Victoria, but was simply brought up at her father's Court of Dolzig, varied by visits to his beautiful country-house of Primkenau. The story goes that, one night, the old nurse, who much preferred the little Princess to her brother and sisters, dreamt that she saw her favourite seated on a throne of gold, surrounded by courtiers. The young girl laughed heartily at the dream, and said, "I may become Queen of Primkenau, but of nowhere else." Certainly no one could have anticipated the high destiny in store for the Princess.

Yet a Power Behind the Throne.

The Austro-Prussian War of 1866 had deprived the Princess's father of much of his importance, and had, indeed, practically reduced him to the position of a country gentleman. Yet Prince Bismarck, who was actually the "bogey man" of the Princess's nursery, and the old Emperor deliberately chose her as a wife for the then Prince William. No doubt, they were much influenced by the knowledge that she was an

admirable *Hausfrau*; she was also very handsome and splendidly healthy, having a bright pink-and-white complexion and masses of fair brown hair, which she wore in two long plaits down her back until shortly before her marriage. It is doubtful whether Prince Bismarck and the old



THE LATEST PHOTO OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS, WHO CELEBRATED HER FORTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY LAST WEEK.

Taken by Voigt, Homburg-vor-der-Höhe.

Emperor realised how clever she was. She certainly takes a keen, though concealed, interest in politics, throwing the weight of her influence on the side of Toryism. It is said that when von Caprivi resigned the Chancellorship, in 1892, she wrote a note beseeching him to remain in office, which he accordingly did. The Empress is said to have disliked the late Prince Hohenlohe on account of his Catholicism, for she is a very rigid Protestant indeed.

Prince Henry of Prussia: A New Hon. British Admiral.

Prince Henry of Prussia, who has just been made an Honorary Admiral of the British Fleet, is one of the cleverest and most distinguished of Queen Victoria's grandsons, although his personality is naturally overshadowed by that of his remarkable brother, the present German Emperor. Prince Henry bears an almost striking physical resemblance to the Duke of Cornwall and York, and, curiously enough, he is, as was the latter till the lamented death of the Duke of Clarence, the sailor of his family. He was still a child when he expressed, what was then rather unusual in a German Royal nursery, an intense love of the sea. His parents humoured him, and he soon proved that he had a true maritime vocation.

His Wife and Children.

At the age of twenty-six, after a romantic courtship—for, in this case, the course of true love did not at first run smooth, owing, it is said, to Prince Bismarck's opposition—Prince Henry married his pretty cousin, Irene of Hesse, whose name, signifying "Peace," suggests the date of her birth, which occurred just at the conclusion of the War of 1866, which was the first of Prussia's victorious campaigns. Prince and Princess Henry live at Kiel, the Portsmouth of Prussia. They have had a singularly happy and united married life, broken only by the Prince's cruises, one of which took him as far as Peking. Their three children are all sons, the eldest, Prince Waldemar, being twelve years old, while the youngest is yet a baby. It is probable that Prince Henry, who is very popular with his British relations, will be present at the Coronation.



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA (THE NEW BRITISH ADMIRAL) AND HIS FAMILY.

Photo by Loescher and Petsch, Berlin.

Windsor or Sandringham?

There seems little doubt that the King and Queen will spend the winter between Windsor and Sandringham. His Majesty paid a brief visit to the Royal Borough last week, in order that he might inspect the alterations and improvements which have been made in the Castle, and it is said that several Royal shooting-parties in Windsor Great Park are being arranged for. But Sandringham is, at any rate for the present, to remain their Majesties' winter home, and soon the King will there entertain his usual shooting-parties, the Duke of Cambridge being included in one of the first series, for His Royal Highness, notwithstanding the fact that he is now the oldest member of the British Royal Family, is a keener sport-man than he ever had time to be during his reign at the Horse Guards, and latterly he and a small party of friends have been having exceptionally good sport at Six-Mile Bottom.



LADY BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

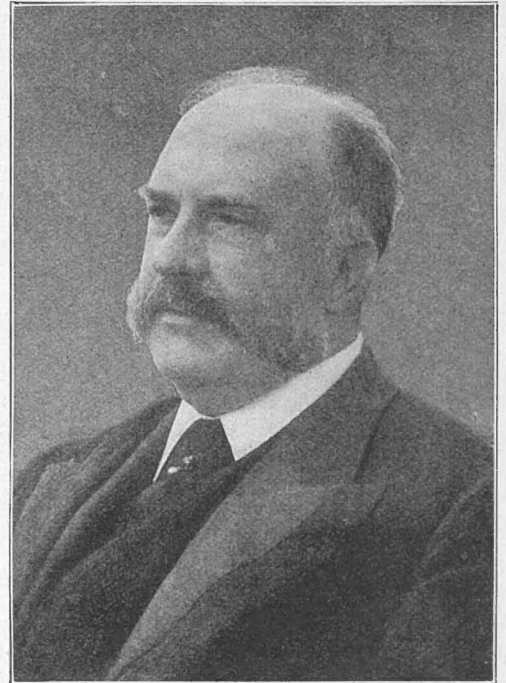
converted into one mansion. This new London home of Princess Christian is situated between Marlborough House and the War Office, and the larger of the two united houses was at one time the official residence of the Master of the Horse, the last occupant, I think, being the Marquis of Ailesbury, the brother of the present holder of the title, but not the father of the notorious Saverlake. This is in itself a curious coincidence, for Cumberland Lodge, the residence of Prince and Princess Christian in Windsor Great Park, was for years the headquarters of the Royal Buckhounds, now defunct, though Lord Bridport occupied the house itself.

The Commander-in-Chief's Memory of Faces.

Earl Roberts possesses, like His Majesty King Edward, the faculty not merely of remembering, after the lapse of years, faces he has once seen, but of recalling incidents associated with the person recognised. His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, on frequent occasions singled out from his guard or from the Corps of Commissionaires someone he recalled having seen in bygone years—mayhap in Egypt or India. While in the North of England lately, Earl Roberts gave evidence of his memory in this respect. Among a group assembled at a small station near the Borders, the Commander-in-Chief singled out for recognition Sergeant-Major John Hamilton, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, who had accompanied him on his famous march to Kandahar and also served under him in India. Mr. Hamilton was in mufti and had grown a beard; but his changed outward aspect seemed in no way to conceal his identity from the Commander-in-Chief, who chatted briskly with his old comrade for a few minutes, recalling days in Afghanistan and India, greatly to the delight of the bystanders.

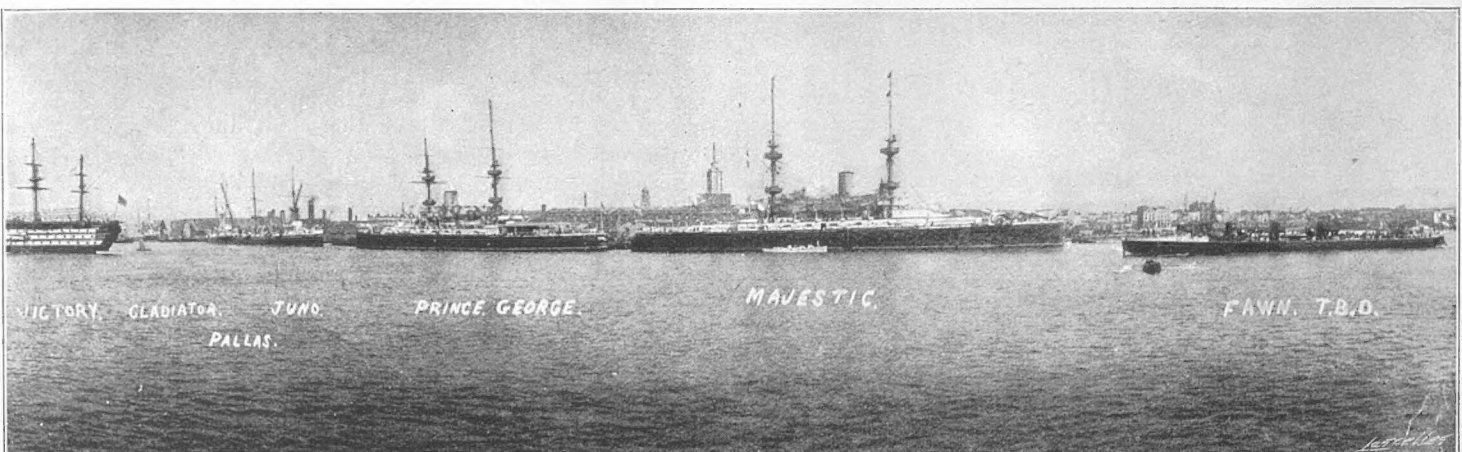
Lord Balfour of Burleigh as "Chancellor."

There is something peculiarly appropriate in Lord Balfour of Burleigh becoming Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews. The title of Chancellor, while it is a purely honorary one, is yet one which is coveted and valued by men of distinction. Nearly all our great men (and sometimes some of our little men) have been Chancellors of one or other of the four Scottish Universities. Attached to the position of Chancellor is the privilege of making an oration to the students of the particular University conferring the title, and some of the most remarkable speeches have been delivered on these interesting occasions. Lord Balfour has been Secretary for Scotland since 1895. An Oxford man himself, he has long been associated with educational and other Commissions of national importance. He was installed as Chancellor of St. Andrews on the 24th inst., and he delivered an address to the students on University education. Lady Balfour of Burleigh is a sister of the Earl of Aberdeen.

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH,
APPOINTED CHANCELLOR OF ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

As is generally the case, there will be some smart weddings enlivening the gloomiest month of the year, and it is to be hoped that King Fog, who has already visited his dominion on more than one occasion, will not spoil what promises to be an exceptionally pretty function, namely, the marriage of Lady Clementine Hay, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Tweeddale, to Mr. Waring. Politicians of all shades will gather together two days earlier to do honour to Mr. Herbert Gladstone and to his pretty young bride. Mr. Gladstone had so long been considered one of the most confirmed of bachelors that now, according to House of Commons gossip, anything may be expected in the way of unexpected engagements. Rumours of Mr. Balfour's betrothal, first to one and then to another fascinating debutante, have been often rife, but Mr. Gladstone's name was never coupled with that of any lady, and, accordingly, the news of his forthcoming marriage took even his most intimate friends by surprise.

Political Bridals. Yet another political wedding which is sure to be a very cheery function is to be celebrated in November, but towards quite the end of the month—I refer to the Long-Gibbs marriage. About the same time, Miss Brodrick will become Mrs. Dudley Marjoribanks, but her wedding will be of an almost entirely private nature, only relations and very intimate friends being asked to the ceremony. What promises to be the great marriage of the winter season—that of Lady Helen Stewart and Lord Stavordale—will be a January affair, and it is thought that, if the happy day is fixed for the very end of the month, it is probable that several Royalties will be present, for the year of mourning will be over, and Lord and Lady Londonderry and Lord and Lady Ilchester are much liked at Court.

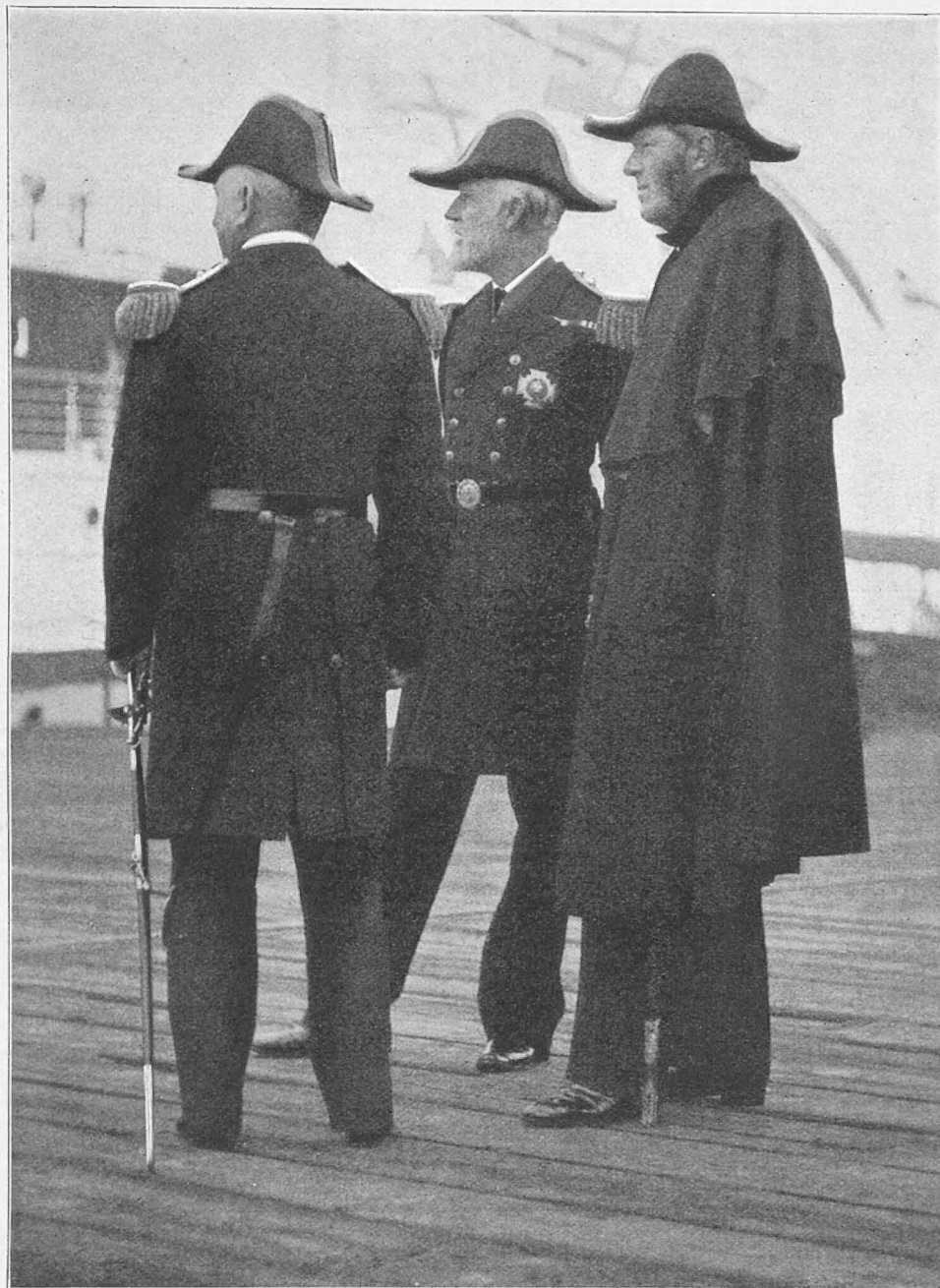


THE SHIPS WHICH WILL ESCORT THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK UP CHANNEL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.

The Friday next will be a red-letter day in the life-stories of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, for they will then have the joy of welcoming home the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, after a long and, it may even be said, an adventurous voyage, which has, however, been accomplished from start to finish under exceptionally agreeable and successful conditions. The meeting at Portsmouth will certainly recall to both their Majesties the joyful home-coming of the then Prince of Wales, when the Princess and her five children welcomed him back from his long Eastern tour. Then, as now, the whole Empire watched the meeting with sympathetic eyes, and we may be sure that London will give an equally warm welcome to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York as it did to their parents on that eventful day in the spring of 1876.

The *Ophir*, bearing Prince George and the pick of the British Navy, is nearing Old England's shores, returning, as is meet and right, to Portsmouth, the Naval Metropolis, where great will be the rejoicings over the return of the Sailor-Prince. Though some minor details may be altered, the main programme is now fixed. The King and Queen will reach Portsmouth overnight and sleep on board the new Royal Yacht. In the morning, they will steam out to meet the *Ophir*, which, escorted by the Channel Fleet, is due at Spithead about noon, Nov. 1. At two o'clock, the *Ophir*, with the Royal Yachts in procession, will come up harbour and berth alongside the South Railway Jetty in the Dockyard. Here naval and military guards-of-honour will be drawn up, together with all the leading officers of the port and garrison, as well as the Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth. So, with music playing, guns firing, and flags flying, the return will be accomplished. About four o'clock, the Royal travellers will leave their erstwhile floating home and proceed to London, where, no doubt, as warm and enthusiastic a welcome will await them as the loyal and patriotic town of Portsmouth is sure to tender.



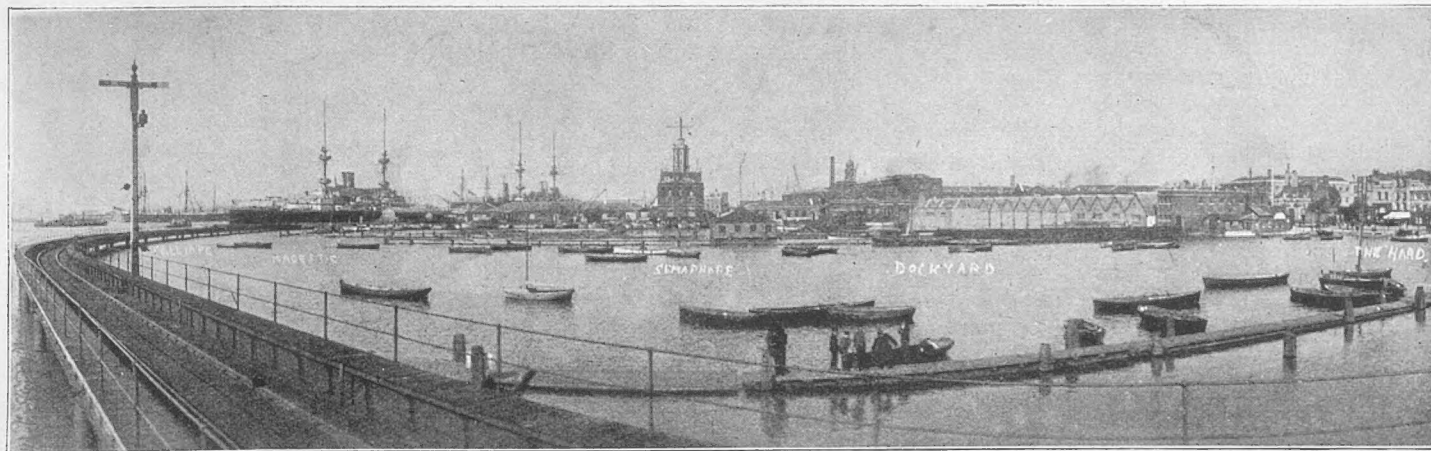
Admiral Pelham Aldrich. Admiral Lord Walter Kerr (First Sea-Lord). Admiral Fawkes.

A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY WHO WILL MEET THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

Mr. Leon Emmanuel, the Mayor of Portsmouth, was very anxious that the Royal arrivals should, after landing, drive to the Town Hall and listen to a loyal address from him, but time will not admit. There would—seeing that the Duke is a naval officer—have been a touching appropriateness in all this, for there is not an officer in the Navy to whom the name of Emmanuel is not familiar. Few people know the naval officer better than does Mr. Emmanuel. To the nation at large, the naval officer is merely part of the furniture of our warships; to Mr. Emmanuel he is a living entity. Hence, therefore, the proposed address to that Sailor-Prince whose nautical ability commands the respect of all would not have been delivered merely by the Mayor of Portsmouth, but by a civic dignitary peculiarly fitted to represent the British Navy. It is much to be regretted that the address will be given in semi-private state on board the *Ophir*, instead of publicly.

As to how and why Mr. Emmanuel is held in unique estimation by British naval officers, who shall say? It is given to some to succeed, to some to fail. Mr. Emmanuel has succeeded where others have failed, and one has only to mention his name to a naval officer to realise what they think of him in the Fleet. He may get a Knighthood out of the *Ophir* return, but his greatest and most lasting reward will surely ever be in the knowledge that so many of our brightest naval heroes will never forget him.

Mr. Birrell, the *Statesman*. Whoever forms the next Liberal Cabinet will probably give a place in it to Mr. Birrell. His platform engagements are already treated as if they were a Cabinet Minister's. Although Mr. Birrell has not at present a seat in Parliament, he is exceedingly useful to his Party. The author of "Obiter Dicta" flavours his arguments with humour; he has not the pedantry of the ordinary literary politician, and he gives a greater impression of earnestness than the average political lawyer.

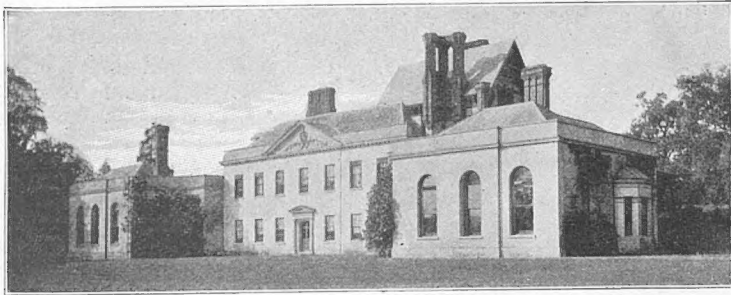


WHERE THE KING WILL GREET THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK ON LANDING FROM THE "OPHIR."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.

A Mourning Neighbourhood.

General Sir Redvers and Lady Audrey Buller are so immensely popular in Crediton, and all that part of the world in the neighbourhood of Downes, that the whole county may be said to be now mourning concerning their popular neighbour's untoward fate. Particular sympathy is felt for Lady Audrey, who is a most devoted wife, and who, notwithstanding her keen personal anxiety—for her only son has greatly distinguished



SOUTH FRONT OF DOWNES, NEAR CREDITON, THE SEAT OF GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C.

Photo by H. Cornish, Crediton.

himself in the South African Campaign, and was constantly exposed to all the ills that can befall a plucky and gallant British officer—has devoted all her spare moments, since the outbreak of the War, to that most excellent society known as the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. Downes is a very curious, quaint old house, full of beautiful things and mementoes of dead and gone Bullers whose memory is still kept green by their descendants. It is rather pathetic to note that certain rooms in the house contain interesting mementoes of Sir Redvers' many glorious campaigns, including a piece of plate presented to him by the ladies of Cape Town just twenty years ago!

The "Little Brown Bird."

Partridge-driving is now in full swing all over the country, and the "little brown bird" seems disposed to give as good sport as the grouse. Some heavy bags have been recorded lately, one of the best being made at Rufford Abbey, Lord Savile's seat near Ollerton, in Nottinghamshire. More than eleven hundred birds were taken in three days by a party that included Prince Victor Duleep Singh, whose prowess with the gun is remarkable. On the Blenheim estate, seven guns have accounted for a thousand birds in two days' driving. The Duke of Marlborough's shooting would appear to be very good and well mixed, for the same party, turning its attention to rabbit-shooting for another two days, secured some thousands. Bags that testify to excellent sport over smaller areas are reported from many parts of the country, and the record will grow day by day, until the pheasants claim attention later in the year. Kite-flying is coming into very general use on land where, for reason of the expense or because the boundaries are awkward, driving is not practised. When a kite goes over a field or is clearly visible to a covey in a neighbouring field, the birds will lie to the gun, and so afford a shot when, under ordinary circumstances, they would not allow the guns to be in the same field with them. It is not easy to fly a kite properly for shooting; but on these clear, breezy autumn days it is well worth the attempt.

Six-Mile Bottom.

The veteran Duke of Cambridge has enjoyed some good sport at Six-Mile Bottom, in Cambridgeshire, where his party secured nearly a thousand birds in three days, together with a large number of hares. Six-Mile Bottom is in the heart of the best partridge country I have seen in England. There is plenty of other game: pheasants are preserved in large numbers, hares are plentiful; but the partridges are, I think, the best sporting product of the place. They receive the attention that is so often denied to them by men who, having done nothing to save their coverts from drought and foxes, complain of bad seasons. The land lends itself to driving, and birds in good seasons are so plentiful that the sport may be compared with grouse-driving on a good moor. Great care must be exercised in the driving to "stop" the birds, to have men well behind the guns as well as before them, to keep the flying partridges within the owner's boundaries. This work is of high interest, and demands a very sound judgment, for it is quite easy to make a mistake in the direction of the wind, and so lose a large number of birds that may never find their way back to the fields whence they were driven.

To a man in good condition who wants to vary his sport, a day with the beaters or stoppers on well-stocked partridge-land is full of amusement and instruction.

German Treasure at Spandau.

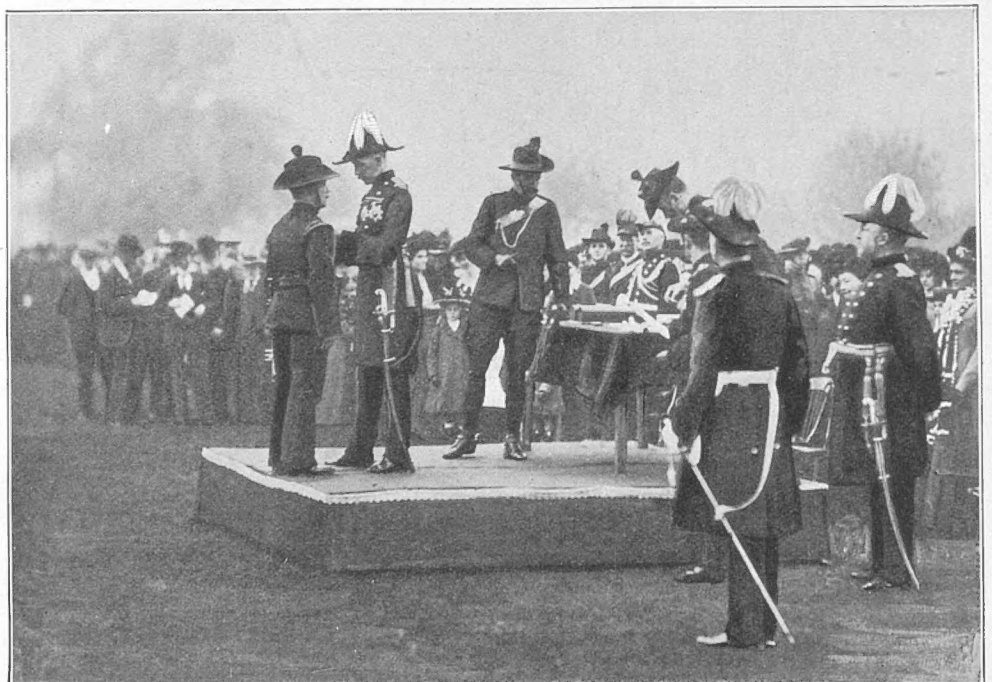
Not very far away from Berlin (says my Correspondent in that city) lies a peaceful little country town with old-fashioned cobble-streets and time-worn houses dirty with age and antiquated to a degree. What shops exist seem more asleep than awake, and the whole impression given to the casual passer-by is that of careless sloth and ease. And yet in this little, old-world town is kept Germany's war-treasure, and there, too, are stationed no inconsiderable number of troops. The inquisitive stranger, if he asks for information of however trivial a nature, is scowled at by officials and answered in gruff monosyllables. Then, in the centre of the outlying part of the town rises up a sort of red Bluebeard's Tower. This is the celebrated "Julius Tower," that has in former years withstood many an attack from without; its walls are six feet deep; the entrance is guarded by three ponderous iron doors, each provided with no less than six locks. Foolish the person who hopes to rob this stronghold of its treasure, a treasure, by the way, amounting to no less than £6,000,000 in good coin of the Realm, laid out in numerous chests, each containing a hundred thousand mark-pieces wrapped up in thick linen bags. An officer goes the round inside every day, and from time to time every chest and every bag is minutely examined and weighed. And yet some people have actually seriously conceived the plan of making an underground tunnel from Berlin and abstracting the money from underneath.

Anti-Duelling Congress at Leipsic.

In no country in the world, perhaps, has the silly system of duelling become so deeply rooted in both the Army and Navy, in Government circles and the University, as in Germany. Here the slightest misunderstanding is sufficient to cause a duel; sometimes, too, a misunderstanding entirely caused by an overheated argument over the wine-bottle or beer-glass. Terribly sad stories are told in Germany by sorrowing relations of duels forced on by brother officers, or members of the same "corps" at the University, between two young men who, perhaps, until the moment when the stupid quarrel arose, were the best and dearest of friends. Where, in most civilised countries, the two aggrieved parties would have probably had a few heated words; and then, after a short period of sulking, made it up again, here in Germany the hard-and-fast rules drawn up for the so-called protection of honour strictly demand an immediate challenge. Prince Löwenstein has just called together a Congress at Leipsic to take measures for the more effective combatting of this quite unnecessary evil. The Congress concluded its sitting on Saturday; let us hope that some beneficent result may ensue therefrom. It is, however, hardly probable that any marked change will be noticeable until the soul and spirit of Germany—I mean, the German Kaiser himself—steps in and, in imitation of the late Prince Consort, rigidly sets his face against the practice.

Distribution of War-Medals.

At Ipswich, on Saturday, Oct. 19, Major-General Sir William Gatacre, K.C.B., distributed war-medals to the men of the 1st V.B. Suffolk Regiment who had returned from active service in South Africa. In the course of his remarks, the gallant General signified his pleasure at being called upon to distribute the medals, because he knew that they had earned them fairly and well. He spoke enthusiastically about the future of South Africa, complimenting the men who are returning almost immediately on their wisdom, as, besides serving their country, they would have opportunities of doing well for themselves, as many good appointments would be open to them at the conclusion of hostilities.



MAJOR-GENERAL GATACRE DISTRIBUTING WAR-MEDALS TO THE MEN OF THE 1ST SUFFOLK VOLUNTEER BATTALION.

Photo by Eldridge, Butter Market, Ipswich.

The Recent Legal Changes.

The legal year, which opened on the 24th inst. with the Judges' Breakfast at Westminster and the Lord High Chancellor as President of the feast, was a very different assembly from that of a year ago. "Change and decay in all around I see," must have been the reflection of many who congregated in the noble Abbey for the religious ceremony conducted there this year as a fitting preliminary for the discharge of the high duties that devolve on the Judges. In the procession to the Law Courts, almost immediately following the Chancellor came the new Master of the Rolls, Sir Richard Henn Collins, arrayed in the gorgeous robe, heavy with gold, which he wears by right of his office, enjoying this distinction with the Lord Chancellor and the President of the Divorce Division. He is still in his prime, and may almost be said to be youthful compared with his legal brethren.

Mr. Justice Mathew.

On Thursday, also, Mr. Justice Mathew took his seat as Lord Justice of Appeal. He is another distinguished Irishman who came to England to serve his fortune, the son of an Irish landowner and the nephew of Father Mathew, so dear of memory to the hearts of Temperance reformers. He was born at Bordeaux in the 'thirties, and has been sitting already for twenty years as a Nisi Prius Judge. His slow promotion has puzzled many of his admirers. The greatest among his fellows at Nisi Prius, with a wide commercial experience—in fact, the founder of the Commercial Court, over which he has presided since its creation with honour to himself and satisfaction to suitors seeking redress—promotion may have been delayed for want of a suitable successor. His commercial talent found a field in which to show itself on his appointment as Junior Counsel to Lloyd's. He made his mark in the Tichborne case with Mr. Henry Hawkins (now Lord Brampton), and in politics he was a pronounced Gladstonian Liberal. The fact that

Lord Chief Justice, and it bore fruit quickly. He "localised" at Liverpool, and was soon enjoying, or rather, sweating, under the burden of a big practice. It was while he was still a very junior Common Law leader that that distinguished body, the Kempton Park Racecourse Company, delivered a brief at his chambers on the question of "What is a place?" He was led by that genial cartoonist, Sir Frank Lockwood. Unfortunately, the Yorkshireman died while the case was still in the Lower Courts, and Mr. Walton found himself alone facing that august body, the House of Lords. He succeeded in demonstrating that a place is not a place when it is Tattersall's Ring. Ever since, he has been regarded as a true friend of the Turf and a rock of offence for that large class of persons known colloquially as "bookies." Mr. Walton had already taken "silk" and become a bencher of Lincoln's Inn. He threw himself heartily into the work of the General Council of the Bar, and became its Chairman. He showed his interest in legal education by allowing himself to be nominated for election to the Senate of London University against Mr. Justice Cozens Hardy, whom he beat with a big majority. His appointment will cause a vacancy in the Recordship of Wigan.

Mr. J. H. M. Campbell, K.C.

Mr. James Henry M. Campbell, K.C., the new Solicitor-General for Ireland, was formerly M.P. for the Stephen's Green Division of Dublin. He has also acted as Senior Crown Prosecutor for the City and County of Dublin. He was born in County Dublin in 1851, and was educated at Kingstown School and Trinity College, Dublin, where he was Senior Moderator and Gold Medallist in Classics, and in History, Law, and Political Economy. He was also Auditor and Gold Medallist in Oratory. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1878, and he married Emily, daughter of John MacCullagh, R.N., and niece of the late James MacCullagh, Fellow and Professor of Mathematics at Trinity College, Dublin.



MR. J. H. M. CAMPBELL, K.C.,
NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR IRELAND.
Photo by D'Arcy, Dublin.



MR. JOSEPH WALTON, K.C.,
NEW JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



MR. GEORGE WRIGHT, K.C.,
NEW JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT IN IRELAND.
Photo by Werner, Dublin.

he was a Roman Catholic and a Liberal involved him in much criticism in political circles on his acceptance in 1892 of the Chairmanship of the Evicted Tenants' Commission. This assumed such virulence that the late Lord Esher, while regretting his acceptance of the position, made a vigorous protest against the attacks to which he was being subjected. In an unassuming way, he has done a great deal for legal education, and was a member of the Council of Legal Education and Chairman of the Board of Studies. He ventured to say that truth sometimes leaked out even in an affidavit.

Mr. Justice Day.

Lastly, one has to note the disappearance from the Bench of that veteran lawyer, Mr. Justice Day. He has long earned the right to retire, but Mr. Carruthers Gould, the cartoonist, a year ago depicted the Lord Chancellor as begging Sir John to continue in office. There had been a violent outcry at the time against the appointments of Mr. Justice Darling and Mr. Justice Ridley, and Day J. consented to work on, in order to preserve the balance of power. In spite of his seventy-five years, he took unto himself a young wife very recently, and during the Vacation he has been performing wonderful driving feats, on one occasion driving from Bath to Ilfracombe, a distance of a hundred miles. He is a most devout Catholic, and one of his sons, Father H. Day, is a member of the Society of Jesus. His religious leanings are said to explain his faith in flogging as a cure for violent crimes.

Mr. Joseph Walton, K.C.

By general anticipation, Mr. Joseph Walton, K.C., had been appointed to succeed Mr. Justice Mathew. This has been officially confirmed. Ever since Mr. Walton "went" Commissioner of the Oxford Circuit, he has been regarded as safe for a Judgeship. Unlike most of his brothers on the Bench, he graduated for the Bar in the heat and dust of commercial life in Liverpool, over twenty years after taking his degree at London University. He came late to an arduous profession, but he was apprenticed in a hard school, namely, in the chambers of the late

Mr. George Wright, K.C.

Mr. George Wright, K.C., who ceases to be Solicitor-General for Ireland, takes his place instead as a Judge of the High Court in the room of the late Mr. Justice Murphy. The new Judge has had a good standing at the Bar, and, rather luckily, has little or no political past. His only attempt to get into Parliament was when he contested Dublin University and was defeated by Mr. Lecky. The University has a little suspicion of representatives who are lawyers on the road to the Bench. Their attitude, when elected, has been compared to that of King William the Third's statue in College Green, which has its back towards the College and its face to the Castle.

Sportsmen Judges and Barristers.

Lord Justice Archibald Levin Smith, the brilliant lawyer, whose resignation was followed so closely by his death, passed away in a Scottish shooting-lodge. Wester Elchies, of which, I believe, the late Judge was tenant, belongs to one of his relatives, and is situated near Aberbourn, in Morayshire. It is a very charming place, with three or four thousand acres of grouse-moor close to the house, and as much lowland shooting, all of good quality. The tenant of Wester Elchies has rights over some miles of fishing in the river Spey, where sport is abundant. Many of our Judges and barristers in large practice are keen sportsmen and are to be met on the heather during Scotland's shooting season. I have been astonished to find that nearly all I have met have been quite good shots. One would imagine that the atmosphere of a Court, the close attention to briefs that are not always well written, and to the terrible volumes bound in calf that form so large a part of the lawyer's armoury, would have played havoc with the sight, and that close reading would have been an effective bar to quick shooting. This is not the case. I can remember one light of the Chancery Bar, not only as learned as an owl, but bearing a general physical resemblance to the bird of Pallas, who lost learned looks and rounded shoulders after he had been a week in the Highlands, and could account for fur and feather in manner that made many an idle sportsman envious.

The Playgoers' Play.

Once upon a time, the Playgoers' Club debated a long Sunday evening whether a woman could write a play. Its Reading Committee, appointed to consider Mr. George Alexander's "sporting offer"—and the four-hundred-and-odd plays which were the incidental outcome of that offer—that he would produce the piece they declared the best, has given a most direct if unexpected answer to that question by selecting the work of Miss Netta Syrett. Hers is, however, no unknown name, for she made a following for herself in the days of the famous *Yellow Book*, and on the crest of the wave of her success in that periodical she published her novel, "Nobody's Fault," which was received with great praise, though she herself has been heard to say that she regards "The Tree of Life" as a much more satisfactory, or satisfying, piece of work, though it did not win the same enthusiasm.

The winning work is a woman's play rather than a man's, and, of the twelve characters, seven are women and the other five men. The heroine is a girl of a bright, gay character, but the play itself is not a comedy—it is rather of a serious character. The action offends the "unities," for it is spread over a few years, and the heroine is about thirty at the time the curtain finally falls. It was not really written with a view to any particular people.

Katie Seymour at the Alhambra. Miss Katie Seymour, returned to London, where she is always very welcome, has produced her new entertainment at the Alhambra. The show has all the charm of novelty, and is treated very effectively. Miss Seymour is assisted by a chorus of twelve ladies who can sing and dance, and change their costume with each song. It is late in the day to say anything about Miss Seymour's dancing; I do not think we have upon the stage a dancer who has so much grace, intelligence, and humour. In the first item of her programme, she reconciles us to some music that is not exceedingly intelligent, and to costumes that are by no means the best of the series. With the second song and dance the costumes and music improve, and we have time to notice how Miss Seymour has retained all the graces that made her so popular at the Empire in the nights of Willie Warde, and so successful at the Gaiety in her work

with Edmund Payne. By the time the third dance is reached, the chorus and the principal dancer are working in perfect unison, and we find ourselves delighted with the *ensemble*. Finally, Miss Seymour goes through a very quick-step solo, and brings her bright entertainment to a spirited close. My impression on the first night was that Miss Seymour's voice is not strong enough to be heard throughout the Alhambra, and that she would have done better to leave the singing in the charge of her chorus and devote herself entirely to the dance. At the same time, Miss Seymour follows an old precedent in wishing to

excel in more than a single branch of art. One of our greatest living dancers told me that almost the only unsatisfied desire of her life was to play in Shakspeare: she wanted to appear as Juliet, and, just as Letty Lind, most delightful of dancers, was very fond of singing, Florence St. John, most charming of singers, once undertook to dance in a Gaiety burlesque.

In Memory of Prince Christian Victor.

Perhaps no happier idea for a soldier's memorial could be imagined than that of Regimental Cottage Homes for Disabled Soldiers. This, I believe, was the suggestion of Her Royal Highness Princess Christian when the subject of a memorial of her gallant son, Prince Christian Victor, who now lies in a soldier's grave at Pretoria, was first broached. At any rate, it has been received with enthusiasm by those most concerned—the "Tommies" themselves—and substantial contributions have been sent from South Africa by the "Fighting Fifth," the Cheshires, and other regiments, to the Fund now being raised. Each regiment is to have these "Cottage Homes" in its own particular district, where disabled veterans of the County Regiment may spend their latter days in peace without any anxiety as to payment of rent. Over seven thousand pounds has already been subscribed, friends in England having contributed largely to this total, and an Office in connection therewith has been established at the Horse Guards. Should any *Sketch* readers be moved to aid this most admirable scheme, I am sure Mr. E. C. Papillon, the Hon. Secretary of the Fund, will be most happy to receive their subscriptions, addressed to him at the "Prince Christian Victor Memorial Office, Horse Guards, Whitehall, S.W."



MISS NETTA SYRETT.
WHOSE PLAY, "A MODERN LOVE-STORY," HAS BEEN CHOSEN BY THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB FOR PRESENTATION AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.
Photo by Lankester, Tunbridge Wells.



MISS KATIE SEYMOUR AND HER TROUPE OF DANCERS AT THE ALHAMBRA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. GARET-CHARLES, ACACIA ROAD, N.W.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Leaders of Men. When I read that the most redoubtable, the most ferocious, the most pitiless of all the leaders of the mining strike in France, which may lead to a civil war, was Merzet, I rubbed my eyes (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). I met Merzet in a café in the Rue Montmartre many months ago, with Amilcar Cipriani, and he was so nervous that he could hardly reply to a question



MISS KITTY MASON, A FAVOURITE DANCER AT THE GAIETY AND DALY'S.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

without interrupting his response with little coughs. Pale, thin, almost to the point of anæmia, he seemed an object for sympathy. But that little man, once roused, can hold in the palm of his hand the burly miners of Montceau-les-Mines. He has the fascination of a Rouget de Lisle, and his audiences are spellbound. His rallying-cry has always been, "It is so sad to live as we live; why be afraid to die?" And Governments tremble when the pale little man speaks.

The Capusian Theatre. If Alfred Capus goes on at the rate that he is going, he will have all the fashionable houses at his disposal. He holds the Variétés and the Nouveautés with "La Veine" and "La Petite Fonctionnaire"; he has a comedy on the stocks for the Gymnase, and this week "Brignol et sa Fille" is gone on at the Odéon with tremendous success. If, instead of Brignol, you substitute the name Micawber, you have the principal character. His confidence in to-morrow is complete, and he regards the payment of debts with borrowed money as a sound fiscal policy. The début of Mdlle. Piérat, the girl Laureate of the Conservatoire, was the feature of the evening. She was positively exquisite, and I am glad that it will be among my reminiscences that I saw her first face the foot-lights. And here is a little story that has never been published. Her uncle is a priest, and the family approached him before allowing her to follow the theatrical profession. "Better an actress than a governess," he replied; "the temptations are less." *Pace, Mr. Clement Scott.*

The Passing of Casimir. If in a casual moment of leisure King Edward VII. reads that Casimir has thrown up the position of Maître d'Hôtel at the Maison d'Or (commonly known as the Maison Doré), he will recall that he has lost one of his devoted servants in the Prince of Wales days. After forty years of service, Casimir has thrown aside his *tablier*, not because he desires rest, but because he is disgusted with the modern diner. "No one, nowadays," he says, "knows how to order a dinner. Instead of being able to serve a repast that was the delight of every reigning monarch, I am now confronted with those who demand the price before ordering, and grumble if it is over fifteen francs. The art of dining is dead in France!" Casimir found the happiest moments in his life when King Edward, George of Greece, or Leopold of the Belgians—and, in particular, the

elder Dumas—would condescend to go into the kitchen and watch the preparation of the dishes. This was, in point of fact, a fashionable novelty, and the doors of the *cuisine* were as firmly shut against the bumptious *bourgeoisie* as those of the Bastille. If Casimir ever writes his reminiscences, it will be a delightful page of passing life. He remembers the huge bet made by Gramont and Caderousse as to whether the famous "Rigolboche" would walk over to the Café Anglais at one o'clock in the morning in less than "summery" attire. It was Casimir who picked up the Duke of Hamilton when he fell down the stairs and was killed.

The Dance of Records. I was glad to welcome little Michael back to the Paris tracks. His first performance was simply terrific. He broke the record of the kilomètre with a flying start five times in succession, reducing it finally to fifty seconds. His manager, Tom Eck, explained to me the mystery. He has put on to Michael's pacing-machine the motor of one used in the Paris-Berlin race, which could develop fifty-two miles on a hard road.

The Opéra. The production of "Les Barbares," by Sardou and Saint-Saëns, was one of the most brilliant functions I have assisted at for some years. President Loubet was present with Madame Loubet, but, as is usual, he contented himself with a formal bow of acknowledgment, and then, like the simple gentleman that he is, devoted his whole attention to the stage. Frankly, the piece was not the success that was promised. Sardou has written a play that could only be fitted to music of the wild, weird order of Wagner. Saint-Saëns has left the violent development of the warlike side of the opera, and has confined himself to the sweeter and more exquisite love interest. The mounting was magnificent, particularly the Théâtre d'Orange, in all its wild barbarism. Madame Héglon and Mdlle. Hatto were excellent, but, apart from M. Delmas, the men were weak.

Miss Kitty Mason. Miss Kitty Mason, whose pretty face peeps forth hard by, has for some pieces past been a popular Gaiety dancer. But, apart from her Terpsichorean skill, she has shown from time to time such alertness and assiduity that there is every hope that she will soon make a name as an actress, as other Gaiety dancers have done, such as, for example, Kate Vaughan, Katie Seymour, and Letty Lind.

Miss Muriel Beaumont. Quite one of the features in the enormous success of "The Second in Command," at the Haymarket Theatre, has been the pretty *ingénue* performance of Miss Muriel Beaumont. I am sure the dainty portrait of this promising young actress which I reproduce herewith will add considerably to the enthusiasm of her many admirers.



MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT, THE PRETTY INGÉNU, NORAH VINING, IN "THE SECOND IN COMMAND," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photo by G. Guret-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.



IN FRONT—AT A DRESS-REHEARSAL.

BEFORE we go into the theatre, my dear Dollie, let me remind you that this little trip is entirely of your own arranging. For myself, I have attended the dress-rehearsals of a few successes, several mediocrities, and my evil genius alone knows how many rank failures. The successes bored me, the mediocrities made me weep, and the rank failures were mainly instrumental in giving me that sorrow-flecked, Christmas-cardy appearance that you profess, in your sweet guilefulness, to admire so much. It is obvious, therefore, that, if the experience sets your teeth on edge and goads you into a state of frenzied moroseness, it will be pitifully feminine in you to reproach me for acceding to your wishes and passing you into the show. Ahem! Down the stairs to the left and the first door on the right.

'Ssh! You may trip up over the carpet, if you like, but you mustn't giggle afterwards. In point of behaviour, a dress-rehearsal is rather like a funeral, the only difference being that after a funeral the affair is over and after a dress-rehearsal the birth of the public reception and the baptism of the criticism next morning have still to come. Walk, therefore, on the tips of your toes, dear Dollie; smile—if smile you must—sadly; do not speak until the curtain has fallen with an unpromising bang, and then in the merest murmur. Yes, you may take a programme; this is one of the occasions on which there is no fee. Such an opportunity will occur only once more during the run of this piece, and that is to-morrow night.

What? No; certainly not! That meek-looking man sitting in the draught of the door is the author. The gentleman in the middle of the stage, now directing the orchestra, now informing an insignificant super that he will kill the play, and anon pushing one of the lady principals



into her place in much the same way as a peevish nursemaid strives to correct an incorrigible little boy, is the actor-manager. But don't be in too great a hurry to cast aspersions upon him for his lack of ceremony. In the first place, you must bear in mind that lady principals require a firm hand and a stern glance; rehearsing a play that contains twenty-seven speaking parts is not quite the same thing as handing round water-cress sandwiches at afternoon-tea. Then, again, it is as well to recollect that there is a good deal of money at stake in connection with this production; not the actor-manager's money, perhaps, but, all the same, he



has to keep an ever-watchful eye on it. And, finally, do not forget that for the last three weeks hundreds of people have been worrying the poor man about thousands of asinine things, until he really doesn't

know for a fact whether the piece is a caricature comedy or a maudlin melodrama. And yet every mummer who ever mimed is sighing for the day when he, too, may become an actor-manager.

The curtain having now fallen and the electric-light man tired of playing "Peep-Bo!" with such an irresponsive collection of dullards as ourselves, let me point out to you the various sections of this chilled assembly, and endeavour to find a method in the apparent madness of their attendance. Starting with the stalls, then, that gentleman with the note-book and the pencil who has fallen fast asleep is a special artist from a well-known ladies' paper. The constant and enforced study of feminine attire has so aged the poor fellow that he finds it necessary to slumber as often as possible during hours of business. Do not imagine, however, that his work suffers in consequence. On the contrary, I dare swear that he has made some excellent notes of the leading lady's frills and furbelows, and in the next issue of the journal that he has the honour to represent you will find him ruffling it with the best designer of fashions in the number.

The young ladies with the big hats and the giggles in the dress-circle are actresses in embryo. Some of them have sisters in the stage-crowd, and all of them are filled with a sense of lofty pity for the mere paying public who will wait outside the pit to-morrow afternoon, feverishly grasping hard-earned half-crowns in their cheaply gloved hands.

In the upper circle you will notice a few dames of generous proportions, daringly clad in motherly gowns and holding enough pins in their mouths to complete the toilet of a prize-winner at a Covent Garden Ball. These are the dressers to the lady principals, who have toiled round from the back of the theatre to admire their handiwork from the prosaic side of the footlights. See how they beam! Why, if the success of the piece depended upon the efforts of these dear souls, there would be fun in the box-office for many weeks to come.

Talking of fun, by the way, I should like to call your attention to the actor-manager's poodle, who is occupying a box in isolated state and wondering however much longer he is going to be kept waiting for his supper. He's a great philosopher, this poodle, but then he has had such enormous experience of things theatrical that nothing seems to unnerve him. Once or twice he has even taken the stage himself, and his deportment on the boards, let me tell you, is an eye-opener to many a smart juvenile lead in fancy trousers and a hat outgrown.

Master Poodle knows a thing or two about plays, I believe. Entertainments of the problem order he has no use for; the desperately wicked situation in the third Act is mere puppy-play to him after he has solved the matrimonial complications of his own household. As for musical comedy, I rather fancy he finds too much sameness in it, and he cannot go to a music-hall without seeing some of his species making themselves ridiculous by wearing frills and walking on their hind-legs. No; what he really likes is a domestic comedy, all sunlit rose-gardens and snug firesides and muted fiddles. When such a feast as this is on the table, you will see how prettily he sits up and watches the dishes with a melting eye. Marvellous thing—instinct!

As regards the remainder of this fragmentary audience, some of them have a right to be here, and some haven't. All of them, however, are being reduced to such an advanced state of silent misery that I think you and I, dear Dollie, might very well take warning in time and steal out—supperwards. Of course, I wouldn't hurry you for the world, but, as a matter of fact, I have reason to believe that the orchestra, dear fellows, are going to have a little rehearsal on their own account. Now, an orchestra in full swing is a constant delight to me, but an orchestra performing intermittently, when every opportunity is afforded the double-bass of demonstrating the nerve-rendering power of a series of malignant and preposterously realistic grunts, is certainly not to be compared with the delights of devilled kidneys and sauce à la Dollie. You are consoled? Good! Let us rush.



"Chic!"



MISS MAUDE FEALY,

AS THE GENTLE ALICE FAULKNER WHO IS BELOVED BY SHERLOCK HOLMES IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME AT THE LYCEUM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

SOME SPORTSMEN: A GAMEKEEPER.

A MILE beyond Waychester, where the lane turns abruptly towards the river, there is a small wooden cottage with red-tiled roof. The cottage stands in about an acre of garden, filled with bright flowers along its borders and useful vegetables in its beds. At the far end, on one side there are fine old trees, loaded in autumn with apple, pear, and plum, and on the other a few bee-hives, well tenanted. In spring and early summer the owner of the cottage worked in his garden; in the autumn he was out shooting all day. From the chimney-seat of the "Wheatsheaf's" parlour he had been heard to boast that he did no hard work and yet earned a good living, and nobody quite understands why he received so many presents from sportsmen, or why his services were so much in demand. Happily for himself and clients, John Wade is a discreet man, and strong drink served only to tighten his lips. He is an oldster, nearer seventy than sixty, with grey hair and beard and keen blue eyes. I do not know a better shot in all Landshire, nor a man who has a greater instinctive knowledge of the time and place that will serve sport best. The Master of the hounds that draw the coverts round Waychester will take his advice whenever it is offered, and no sportsman hesitates to follow any hint that John Wade likes to convey.

Now that he has accepted the post of gamekeeper on an estate in another county, and has handed over the cottage to his married daughter, I may explain without indiscretion the secret of his success. When he ceased to be a poacher, because the death of the local policeman had led to the appointment of a

zealous and incorruptible young Irishman who was burning to distinguish himself, John Wade offered his services to two young amateurs who rented some thousand acres of rough shooting near Waychester and came down at week-ends. They were very bad shots; the only things that ran any risk were those they were not aiming at, but in John Wade's hands they improved wonderfully. He began by telling them they ought to give him a gun to carry, because either one of them might want a third or fourth shot, and lose a lot of birds by having no opportunity to make good the first errors. When the duffer John was nearest to had missed with both barrels at the first covey on the first day of his first season, John promptly scored a right and left, with many apologies. "I thought ye'd like to see how th' barr'ls should be pointed," he said, "so I took the liberty, beggin' y'r pardon." He went on to ask that nothing should be said, as he had no game-licence, and consequently no right to shoot birds. The amateur was delighted, and accepted the apologies, and John divided his attentions between the two newcomers, shooting most, if not all, of their birds for them, always gently insinuating that they and not he had done the deed, until at last they believed him. John's grandson, a lad of fourteen and a fine shot for so young a boy, was the only other witness of these deeds, and knew far better than to say a word. The amateurs retained John's services, presented him with a gun and game-licence, and treated him extremely well. Next season, they added to their holding, and advised two friends whom they could trust to rent land in that part. Of course, John was chosen to look after it, and the old man, with the complete control of nearly three thousand acres, must have done very well. He paraded one part of the land every day, and his grandson looked after another; they carried guns to kill the magpies, jays, stoats, and other vermin, and carried big canvas bags to put the vermin in. The land must have been full of vermin, for I've seen little Jack staggering under the weight of his canvas bag, and his grandfather was often equally loaded. I've also seen a local carrier whose reputation is not as good as it might be calling for those canvas bags late in the evening.

I found out all these things by accident, for, the amateurs being my neighbours, I invited them to a partridge-drive, and one brought John Wade, and the other young Jack, to load for him. In the course of the day, I found myself, as so often happens, at a point where I could see and not be seen, and, as no covey came my way within shot, I was able to watch grandfather and grandson take their birds, the elder man selecting one coming and one overhead, and the lad selecting a brace going away.

For five or six years John Wade shot for his clients and for himself; he kept the Sabbath inviolate, and gave two of the other days to his clients, and four to himself. He must have prospered exceedingly, for he bought his own cottage and enfranchised the copyhold, secured some good grazing-land in the village, a pony and trap, some first-rate dogs, and a meerschaum pipe. To his credit be it said that he never gave his clients away or spoke ill of their shooting behind their backs. He was content to rob them, and they were content to be robbed. Last year, one of them inherited a small estate by the death of a distant relative, and, being compelled to leave the neighbourhood and sell the remainder of his shooting-lease, he persuaded John Wade to come to him as gamekeeper. I hear the old man does well and is a terror to poachers. B.

ANOTHER AMERICAN PLAY FROM AN ENGLISH NOVEL.

"MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY," the latest fiction success of Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the young author of that stirring romance, "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," has been speedily dramatised, and, as is the custom often now, first dramatised in America. Inasmuch as this stage-version is likely to be seen on this side of the Atlantic before an English play appears upon the subject, it has been deemed advisable to submit to *Sketch* readers some description, pictorial and otherwise, of this American drama from an English novel.

This adaptation of "Miranda of the Balcony" has been prepared by Anne Crawford Flexner, is in four Acts, and has been produced by the great American actress, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, for her husband, Harrison Grey Fiske, proprietor of the *New York Dramatic Mirror*, to open the Manhattan Theatre, New York, withal. Mrs. Fiske, of course, plays Miranda Warriner, the long-suffering, beautiful young wife, who, some time after learning that her villainous husband is dead, finds her long-crushed heart and fancy turning to thoughts of love for the plucky young engineer, Luke Charnock. The course of true love, however, as the highest poetic authority assures us, never did run smooth. Hence it presently happens that poor Miranda's blackguard "lord and master" is not by any means dead,

but very much alive. This useless person, however, is in a very "tight fix," in a dangerous foreign spot, and his life is, indeed, worth very little purchase. To further perplex our poor "Balcony" heroine, it is presently borne in upon her that only one man can save her very worthless husband, and that is her very worthy ex-lover! Then comes the problem: Shall she sacrifice that noble hero who can never be hers till the black heart of her husband is stilled for ever? That is the question, and very dramatically it is all worked out. This is especially the case in the scenes laid in and around Tangier—scenes which, with sundry Sheiks and their tents, are depicted in the photographs.

Perhaps the most terrible scene in "Miranda of the Balcony" is that wherein the villainous husband, Ralph Warriner, essays to murder the brave young engineer-hero who has been moved to save his life. Happily for the young and cruelly treated couple, a bullet from an avenging Moor clears the air by slaying the ungrateful scoundrel. Mrs. Fiske is ably aided in the cast by several excellent English artists, namely, Mr. J. E. Dodson as the husband, Mr. Etienne Girardot as a Major, and Miss Annie Irish as Jane Holt. The play is a great success.

MR. PINERO AND SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT IN THE ENGADINE.

Versatility is essential in a successful actor or playwright, but when Mr. Pinero and Sir Squire Bancroft metaphorically "trod the boards" of the Diavolezza Pass in the Engadine, they added yet another success to their various accomplishments. The photograph given above was taken by an old friend, and shows the couple resting from their steep climb in the very heart of the snows and glaciers of the Bernina range.



MR. PINERO AND SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT MOUNTAINEERING IN THE ENGADINE.

Photo by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond.

DRAMATIC VERSION OF "MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY," AS PRODUCED IN NEW YORK.

From Photographs by Byron, New York.



Hamet (Mr. Jefferson Winter). Luke Charnock (Mr. R. T. Haines). Hassan Akbar (Mr. F. C. Bertrand) Ralph Warriner (Mr. J. E. Dodson).

ACT IV.—PROBLEM: SHALL THE HERO SAVE HIS HATED RIVAL?



Ralph Warriner (Mr. J. E. Dodson). Miranda Warriner (Mrs. Fiske). Luke Charnock (Mr. R. T. Haines).

ACT V.—THE VILLAIN WARRINER CONTEMPLATES THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS HEROIC RESCUER.

FOR WHERE IS ANY AUTHOR IN THE WORLD
TEACHES SUCH BEAUTY AS A WOMAN'S EYE?"



MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AS AMY CHILWORTH, MISS MARGARET HALSTAN AS BLANCHE CHILWORTH,
IN "LIBERTY HALL," AS PERFORMED BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AND COMPANY ON TOUR.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.



MISS ISABEL JAY, THE CHARMING AND-TALENTED
SAVOY SOPRANO.

MISS RUTH MAITLAND, WHO PLAYS BARBARA SCARTH IN
"TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS," AT THE PRINCESS'S.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

(See "Musical and Theatrical Gossip.")



MISS LOUIE FREEAR AS FI-FI (A HOTEL WAITRESS) IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON,"

AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

A PAGE ABOUT BOOKS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

QUITE the most remarkable preface which I have read for a long time is contained in a new novel by Dr. Van Dyke, of America, entitled "The Ruling Passion," which is creating considerable sensation in America, and which is shortly, I believe, to be issued in this country. Dr. Van Dyke is certainly one of the most versatile writers in the States. His sermons are immensely popular, and he has written many volumes of poetry, essays, short stories, and philosophy. Probably he is best known for his books on fishing, which, unlike most works of the kind, have sold very largely. They were introduced into this country, if I mistake not, by Mr. Marston, of Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., himself an enthusiastic angler. "The Ruling Passion" is prefaced by "A Writer's Request to his Maker," which runs as follows—

Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story nor tell a story without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people, because they are both alive. Show me that as in a river, so in writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed. Teach me to see the local colour without being blind to the inner light. Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real. Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life. Steady me to do my full stint of work as well as I can, and, when that is done, stop me, pay what wages thou wilt, and help me to say from a quiet heart a grateful Amen.

Mr. Neil Munro's new novel, "The Shoes of Fortune," which is to be issued almost immediately, is said by those who have seen the manuscript to be by far the most popular tale he has written. The scene is laid in 1755, in Scotland and in France, and to some extent upon the seas. The hero, a young lad new from a Scottish college, inherits from his uncle a trivial legacy, his diary, and the so-called Shoes of Fortune, which have been worn in many wanderings by the uncle and are credited by the nephew with magic qualities of inspiration and stimulation. They play a curious part in the story, leading the hero into many exciting adventures.

America seems to be going slightly mad over Maxim Gorky, the Russian tramp-author, whose novel, "Foma Gordyeff," is to be published on this side very shortly by Mr. Fisher Unwin. From what I have read of the book, there can be no doubt as to its strength and power and realism. But it hardly seems to have in it the elements of popularity, at least for this country. In the United States, of course, anything *outré* has a good chance of success, where the latest fashion in books vies with the *dernière nouveauté* of the dressmaker. Certainly there is to some extent in this country also a demand for the latest fad in fiction, but the desire to be "in the swim" hardly affects book-sales as it does on the other side of the Atlantic. The cult of the strange and weird and uncommon in letters is confined to the very few. In America, this cult embraces all who have any pretensions to up-to-dateness. The lady who is able to rattle off "Foma Gordyeff" as if she knew what it meant is as proud as if she had just received the latest creation of Paquin.

Mr. E. V. Lucas is preparing for Messrs. Methuen an entirely new series of books for children, which is to include, I understand, a number of old favourites and some works by new authors. A special feature of the edition is to be the dainty appearance which has characterised so many of Mr. Lucas's delightful books.

I hear that there is practically no possibility of the publication of Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" until late next autumn.

Stendhal's romance, "The Chartreuse of Parma," which is to be the first volume of Mr. Heinemann's new edition of French romances, suggested to Tolstoy his great novel, "Peace and War." Tolstoy has always owned Stendhal as his master, and refers, time and again, to the wonderful description of Waterloo in "The Chartreuse of Parma" as the finest picture of a battlefield ever written. It is curious that, next to Stendhal, Tolstoy owes on his confession most to Jean Jacques Rousseau. "Justice," he declares, "is not being done to Rousseau; the generosity of his thought has been misconstrued. He has been calumniated in every manner. I do more than admire Rousseau: I pay him a veritable cult. At the age of fifteen I always wore a medallion of him on my neck, like a sacred souvenir."

There has been lately a distinct lull among the booksellers with regard to the question of cutting prices. But I understand that the fight is likely to burst forth more fiercely than ever shortly. Within the last two or three weeks, the discounting of net publications has grown to serious proportions, and a number of the old offenders are offering some popular publications at a fraction of a penny below the published price. One of the trade papers goes so far as to say that the net system is being reduced to a farce. There is, however, a very general disposition to favour publication of sixpenny novels at a net price, as it is thought that this would allow more profit to author, publisher, and bookseller.

The secret of the identity of "Linesman," whose new book on the War is to be published immediately by Messrs. Blackwood, is being kept with the greatest care. The articles of which the book is made up have all, I believe, actually been written on the battlefield—written is hardly correct, for the young officer around whose person so much mystery hangs certainly has a typewriter in his equipment. o. o.

BOOKS AND JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

DURING the past month, books of all sorts and sizes have been issued in hot haste fresh from the publishers. When it is noted that in fiction alone there are announced to be published during the present season *four hundred volumes*, some idea may be formed of the immense amount of labour that is compressed into three months of the year and which falls upon the various members of the bookselling trade. To those behind the scenes, it is somewhat of a mystery where all this output of literature goes. Judging from the publishers' announcements and the state of the bookselling trade during the past month, an exceptionally busy season may be anticipated, the public being apparently in the humour to buy books, and the bookseller is hoping that it may remain so.

Biography takes a foremost place in the literature of the month, and in the "Life of R. L. Stevenson," by Graham Balfour (Methuen and Co.), we have the record of a remarkable man who has made for himself a name among our greatest in literature. Since Stevenson's death, in 1894, everything that he wrote or that could be written about him has been published, and in the two masterly volumes now published we have the summing-up of an interesting and extraordinary career. During his comparatively short life—he died at the age of forty-four—his pen was never weary, writing anywhere and under any circumstances. He wrote poetry, essays, romantic fiction, and travel; in all, he produced some thirty-five volumes, dying when he was apparently at his best. Mr. Balfour has written a book which is worthy of his subject and a fitting pendant to the literature and career of a great man of letters. There has been most appropriately issued a fine-paper pocket edition of "Familiar Studies of Men and Books" (Chatto and Windus), one of Stevenson's most fascinating and characteristic works.

Another work in biography is "Links with the Past," by Mrs. Charles Bagot (E. Arnold), which is full of anecdotes and reminiscences dating a long way back into the century just closed. Mrs. Bagot had the opportunity of seeing much of the social and political life of her times, and although, at the request of her husband, she destroyed her early journals, yet she has, with her retentive memory, her powers of observation, and other material, compiled a volume of exceptional interest of old memories and half-forgotten events.

In fiction, the volumes of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Lucas Malet, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling have been already noticed in *The Sketch*. Besides these, the most important is "The Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" (Macmillan and Co.), which will find a hearty welcome from a large number of readers. It tells the story of an exceedingly pretty girl who was dependent upon her rich sister-in-law for her happiness and prospects in life. Fortunately, her uncle dies and leaves her an estate in Germany and £2000 a-year. This entirely changes her social position, and the Utopian schemes she devises for the bettering of those by whom she is surrounded are related in a style and manner worthy of the author's exceptional reputation.

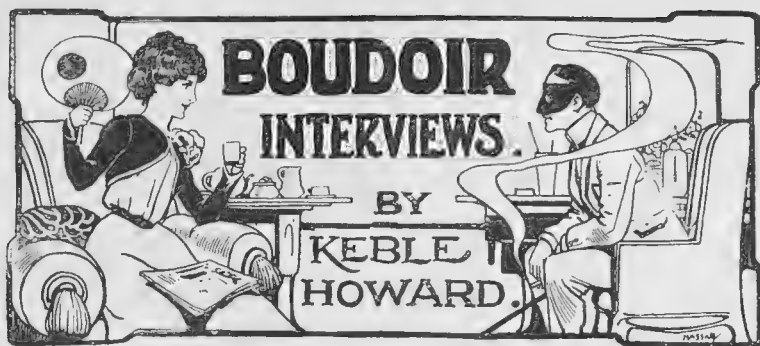
"The Octopus," by Frank Morris (Grant Richards), forms the first volume of a series of novels which have for their theme the growth, distribution, and consumption of American wheat. The present volume deals with a war between the wheat-grower and an American Trust, and is a powerful picture of the evils wrought by such monopolies. The book is well planned and well thought-out, and the author has evidently thoroughly studied his subject.

"Despair's Last Journey," by D. Christie Murray (Chatto and Windus), is the story of a young Scotchman whose work in many fields of literature has ended in disappointment. He journeys to the Rocky Mountains, where he writes his autobiography. This is among the best of Mr. Murray's recent works.

There is a peculiar fascination in the historic romance, and "Edward the Exile," by Mary M. Davidson (Hodder and Stoughton), is no exception to this statement. It is an interesting story of the eleventh century, and deals with events which form an important link in the pedigree of our Royal Family. The novel is descriptive of a period little exploited by our present writers of fiction; the characters are well drawn and the story well written.

The title, "Romance of a Harem" (Greening and Co.), is somewhat misleading, as the reader might anticipate some revelations of Harem life; instead, it is an interesting sketch of the social and political forces in Turkey. The book is full of facts, and the reader cannot be other than both interested and instructed by this book, which is evidently from the pen of one who knows his subject well.

"In Spite of All," by Edna Lyall (Hurst and Blackett), is an effective romance of the times of the Royalists and Roundheads. It describes the unrest which distracted England at that period and is quite equal to any of this popular author's previous novels. It is well worth reading.



IV.—MISS MARGARET FRASER ON GUARD.

WE had been talking about the Gaiety Theatre. One always associates Miss Margaret Fraser with the beautifully dressed ladies on the stage of that house, although, at the present

moment, she happens to be playing in "San Toy," at Daly's.

"The Gaiety Girl," said I, "is famous all the world over. We all know her little idiosyncrasies"—it's easier to say that word than to write it, by the way—"as well as we know the handwriting of the income-tax collector's clerk. She draws a fabulous salary, drives thrice a week behind tandems, and the other three days on the top of a coach; rushes to Brighton and back by the Sunday Pullman, lunches at the 'Troc,' dines at the Carlton, and sups at the Savoy; receives anonymous bouquets and diamond necklaces every night, invariably backs winners, and spends a considerable portion of her spare time buying frocks in Paris. How's that for the nutshell business?"

"It's in a nutshell all right," replied the lady; "but there's too much of the novel about it. Would you like me to tell you, honestly, what the life of a Gaiety girl is?"

"Yes," said I; "but not if you're going to be horribly cynical," I added, noting an expression of countenance that didn't herald gaiety.

"I think you're right," said she; "or rather, I should have been wrong."

"The queen—," I began.

"Now you're going to be silly," I was told. "I don't like silliness."

"Neither do I," I lied.

I saw that it was of no use attempting to discuss the gaiety of Gaiety girls. "Let us speak of Life in the deepest sense of the word. Have you no message for a waiting world?"

"I'm afraid not," said Miss Fraser. "The waiting world must wait."

"That's the worst of being Scotch," said I.

"That's the best of having a sense of humour," said the lady. "If I had no sense of humour, I should have committed suicide long ago. A sense of humour saves every situation."

"And what," I murmured carelessly, my abstracted eye regarding a fly on the ceiling, "was the situation?"

"There wasn't one," said Miss Fraser, promptly.

"Ah! I had forgotten for the moment that you were Scotch."

"But I hadn't."

"You never do, I suppose?"

"Never."

"That's a pity—from an interviewer's point of view."

"But it's not a bad thing from the point of view of the interviewee. However, I don't mind telling you that I regard myself as a failure."

"You haven't been long about it," said I.

"About telling you?"

"Tut, tut! About failing. You have been on the stage, I believe, six years?"

"Exactly! And what am I doing now?"

"Being interviewed by me." I thought that was rather neat.

"Admitting the high honour—"

"One moment! Before you pull out the diapason of your irony, allow me to explain my point. Six years ago, nobody wanted to interview you, whereas now—" I threw up my hands modestly.

"I see. And the moral of all this is that I am to look upon you as my good genius."

I bowed. I am rather great on bowing. I find the accomplishment particularly useful in boudoirs—and adversity.

"I am not quite sure," continued Miss Fraser, "whether my grievance is against the public or my Manager. You see, I am a dancer. I want to dance. I believe I can dance. But my Manager says the public don't want dancing. So I stand still."

"And very nicely, too," I ventured.

The lady shrugged a pretty pair of shoulders. "One can't stand still all one's life," she affirmed.

"There's heaps of time," I ventured again.

"You're impossible!" said Miss Fraser, almost smiling.

"And you're—"

"Well?" She flashed a freezing challenge at me.

"I've an idea," said I. "Why not sing?"

"Because I don't happen to have a voice."

"It's the first time," I protested, "that I have heard that excuse offered as a reason for not singing. I suppose," I added, meditatively, "you wouldn't like to get a footing in a newspaper office?"

"Why? Do you happen to know of a unique opportunity for a young lady of prepossessing appearance to acquire the rudiments of journalism?"

"I rather think," I confided, "that I know of a lady secretary in such a berth who has leanings towards the stage. Now, if you cared to exchange places—?"

"But suppose I can't spell?" said Miss Fraser.

"You can, at any rate, cast a spell. Don't throw anything, please."

"And what would the duties be?"

"Oh! you would be required to turn up in the morning looking as charming as possible, glance through the illustrated papers, make tea for two in the afternoon, and leave as soon as you cared to tear yourself away in the evening."

"I see. And the— money?"

"One thousand pounds premium, payable in advance."

"I'll think it over," said the lady, coldly. "Don't let me waste any more of your time. I'm afraid you find me a bad subject for an interview."

"Rather difficult," I admitted.

"I suppose I am. I'm so sorry! Will you have some tea or a whisky-and-soda?"

"Neither, thanks," I replied, sighing. "The most appropriate thing you could give me, perhaps, would be a squash, with a large lump of ice in it."

One may as well, I reflected, be hung for a sheep as a lamb.



MISS MARGARET FRASER IN HER BOUDOIR.

"NOW YOU'RE GOING TO BE SILLY. I DON'T LIKE SILLINESS."

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

ROYAL WINDSOR.

THE FINAL RESTING-PLACE OF CONSTANT'S GREAT PICTURE OF THE LATE SOVEREIGN.

THE tens of thousands who have had an opportunity of admiring M. Benjamin-Constant's wonderful counterfeit presentment of our late beloved Sovereign, both in the Royal Academy and more recently at the Glasgow Exhibition, will be much gratified to learn that the King has acquired this remarkable work of art from the Directors of *The Illustrated London News*. By His Majesty's express wish and order, this dignified, important work of art will find its home in Windsor Castle in a special place of honour, and become for ever Crown property.

THE ROYAL DINING-ROOM.

Up to the present time, the only painting hung in the Royal Dining-room—a splendid apartment situated at the north-east corner of the Castle, and opening, as it were, the series which includes the White, Green, and Red Drawing-rooms, and of which the windows look out, as do those of the Drawing-rooms, over the East Terrace and Gardens—has been the equestrian picture of King Edward and the Duke of Connaught painted by Detaille, and presented to the late Sovereign as a Jubilee gift by the then Prince of Wales. This picture is enclosed in a mural panel erected on the west wall, and the gilt mouldings of the frame are an exact imitation of the Chippendale carvings which are so beautiful a feature of the decoration of the apartment. Constant's *chef d'œuvre* will form a fitting pendant to the *magnum opus* of his justly famed fellow artist and countryman. It is also an interesting fact that the golden gleams which are a particularly delightful and original feature of M. Constant's work will give an excellent touch to the general scheme of colour of the Royal Dining-room, owing to the fact that here, close to the window, is the famous punch-bowl and ladle, the work of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, made for George IV. at a cost of ten thousand guineas, and which stands on a malachite pedestal presented to the late Queen by Nicholas I. of Russia.

In the State Dining-room some notable banquets and dinner-parties have taken place, for only when the Royal party does not exceed sixteen is dinner served in the Oak Room, where the late Queen always lunched; on all other occasions the Sovereign and his guests are served in the splendid apartment just described, and which in future will seem to be filled with the benignant presence of Queen Victoria.

THE PRIVATE DRAWING-ROOMS.

The three Drawing-rooms, connected with one another and with the Royal Dining room by doors embossed with marvellous Chippendale carvings, are each and all hung with priceless portraits and paintings, mostly of the English and Italian Schools. The cabinets, in which are stored the Royal china—including, in the Green Drawing-room, the Sèvres dessert-service valued at £50,000—are among the finest in the world, and always attract the keen attention and admiration of those among His Majesty's guests who are also art connoisseurs and collectors; while those who make china their special hobby glance covetously at the Rose-du-Barri flower-pots, which are practically priceless, for they are absolutely unique. Patriotic collectors are naturally more interested in George the Second's collection of old Chelsea, which is also said to be quite unrivalled.

THE ROYAL CORRIDOR.

The Royal Corridor, which is naturally not shown to the ordinary tourist, for it forms, as it were, a connecting-link between the various private apartments of the Castle, is of peculiar interest, and contains, considering its comparatively small size, probably more interesting and priceless objects of general and particular note than any other apartment of its length and breadth in the world. Here the windows command delightful and extensive views of Windsor Great Park.

The Grand Corridor, which is likely to remain very much as it was during the closing days of the nineteenth century, will be for ever associated in a very peculiar degree with the personality of Queen Victoria, the more so that it was there the late Sovereign always met her guests before a Royal dinner-party, and it was there also that she delighted to lead her chosen friends when the latter were spending an afternoon at Royal Windsor.

AN INTERESTING APARTMENT.

Among the innumerable apartments which compose the private portion of Windsor Castle, particular interest attaches to the charming suite formerly occupied by the then Prince and Princess of Wales when visiting the late Sovereign, and which will now be doubtless put aside for the exclusive use of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. This suite is situated in the York Tower, and consists of four rooms, in each of which are hung delightful portraits of the various Royal children, as well as an exquisite sketch of Her late Majesty at the age of two years. The Sitting-room belonging to the suite is hung with yellow silk, and the fine furniture, as well as the hangings, recall rather a boudoir in some great French château than an apartment in a British castle.

THE TAPESTRY SUITE.

The Tapestry Suite, which is close to the apartments still known as the Prince of Wales's Rooms, was generally occupied by the late Empress Frederick, but many noted Royal guests have sojourned there. The suite takes its name from the splendid quartette of tapestries made at the Old Windsor Tapestry Works.

THE ROYAL ART COLLECTIONS.

Many and interesting as are the paintings and other works of art hanging on the walls and scattered about the rooms of Buckingham Palace, the finest and most valuable items of the Royal art-collections are to be found at Windsor Castle, for there, in addition to pictures belonging to every school, and, it may

almost be said, painted by every great master, are innumerable pieces of wonderful furniture—Italian, old English, and eighteenth-century French—as well as tapestries dating from the days when these formed the only wall-coverings of Palace chambers, to those which owe their beauty to the genius of the modern French designer and craftsman. Scarce a room in the Castle but contains some art-treasure of great historic interest as well as of intrinsic worth. In the Private Audience Chamber, where have been received all the great men of our generation, hang a delightful set of Gainsboroughs—portraits of George III., his good Queen, and their many children. In yet another apartment of singularly small dimensions and which lies on the way to the private Chapel, is what has been described as “the most wonderful collection of Holbeins existent,” and of historic and romantic interest is the old brass clock which was given by Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn on her marriage-day.

THE LIBRARY AND PRINT-ROOM.

It is said that His Majesty means to make many additions to the Library, which is one of the glories of Windsor Castle. The apartment is situated in that portion of the Castle peculiarly associated with the memory of Queen Elizabeth—indeed, the fireplace was actually built by the Virgin Queen, and above it is placed her bust with the date 1583. In a very small room off the Library, Queen Anne delighted to sit.

In the Print Room, which is much less often described than is the Library, are stored the Royal collection of prints, British and foreign, and in this room also is a pathetic little memento of the late Sovereign's childhood—a water-colour sketch done by her at the age of ten as a birthday gift to her uncle, George IV.



WINDSOR CASTLE: A VIEW ACROSS THE MEADOWS.

Photo by H. N. King, London

ROYAL WINDSOR.

THE FINAL RESTING-PLACE OF CONSTANT'S GREAT PICTURE OF THE LATE SOVEREIGN.



THE STATE DINING-ROOM, IN WHICH THE FAMOUS CONSTANT PICTURE IS TO HANG.



SITTING-ROOM TO BE OCCUPIED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. N. KING, LONDON.

ROYAL WINDSOR AND HIS MAJESTY'S PICTURES.



THE GRAND CORRIDOR.

THE GRAND RECEPTION-ROOM.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. N. KING, LONDON.

ROYAL WINDSOR AND HIS MAJESTY'S PICTURES.



THE ROYAL PRINCESSES, DAUGHTERS OF GEORGE III.—BY GAINSBOROUGH.



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.—BY H. DE BLES.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. N. KING, LONDON.

EARLY PICCADILLY.

DURING the last few months we have heard a great deal about Piccadilly with reference to the merits, or otherwise, of a widening scheme, in order to alleviate the terrible congestion of traffic prevailing at all times of the year in this trunk artery. However, the widening scheme is not the topic of our short paper, but the early history of what may be termed the most famous of London thoroughfares, concerning which so little is really known. Even the



PICCADILLY, FROM THE BASIN IN THE GREEN PARK (ABOUT 1760), SHOWING THE HALF-MOON TAVERN.

origin of the name is wrapped in obscurity, for it is more than doubtful if the tradition that connects it with the "Pickadilles," or Spanish lace collars worn in the seventeenth century, has any foundation in fact. The name "Piccadilly Street" first appeared in the rate-books during the year 1673, but the thoroughfare was then a very short one, extending westward from what is now the Circus as far as Sackville Street. From Sackville Street to Albemarle Street was originally called Portugal Street, in honour of the Portuguese Consort of Charles II., while all beyond was the Great Bath Road.

By the year 1708, Piccadilly became "a very considerable and publick street" between Coventry Street and Portugal Street, and twelve years later it extended to Albemarle Street, having meanwhile swallowed up Portugal Street. In 1734, the name "Piccadilly" was also given to the Bath Road between Devonshire House and Hyde Park Corner, and its northern side was then bordered with the shops and stone-yards of monumental masons, like a portion of the Euston Road at the present day. Writing in 1759, Horace Walpole noted with surprise the erection of twenty-five fine new stone houses, supplanting tenements mainly occupied by grooms, on the road to the west of Devonshire House. These same "fine new stone houses" are believed to have formed the small beginning of Piccadilly's greatness.

Two interesting illustrations are furnished—reproduced from contemporary water-colour paintings in the Crace Collection—which depict Piccadilly as it was in the middle of the eighteenth century. The first must have been made coevally with the erection of the houses alluded to by Walpole. It shows the Half-Moon Tavern, burned down in 1760, which gave its name to Half-Moon Street. The Basin in the foreground is one of the two sheets of water that formerly existed in the Green Park, the other being the reservoir, or canal. The Basin stood on the plateau at the eastern end of the dip and close to the Park railings. Here it was that Franklin demonstrated on a windy day his experiment of smoothing the waves with oil; while the pond—a very deep one—is believed to have been that in which Shelley's first wife committed suicide by drowning, though some assert that the tragic occurrence took place in the Serpentine. The Basin was a favourite washing-place for the Mayfair laundry-women until it was filled in, about the year 1820. The canal was situated much farther to the west, and was not filled in until 1856. A large mound now marks its site.

The illustration of Hyde Park Corner in 1756 is curious. Note the old lady standing by an apple-stall at the east of the gate. Her husband was an old soldier who had fought at Dettingen, and one day was recognised by George II. as such. The King was so delighted at the meeting that he asked what he could do for him, whereupon the veteran, prompted by his wife, requested that he might be given the freehold on which the apple-stall stood. This the King ordered to be done. Several years afterwards, Lord Apsley bought the ground adjoining for the erection of the noble mansion which was subsequently for so long a period the

residence of the "Iron Duke." When Apsley House was built, however, its proprietor found that the apple-stall and filthy tenement under his windows were a regular Naboth's vineyard. Accordingly, he was compelled to buy out the apple-woman's heirs at a fancy price, and it is said that to this day their descendants are drawing five hundred pounds per annum out of their soldier-ancestor's lucky meeting with George II. Again, to the east of the apple-stall a public-house will be noticed in the picture. This was the "Pillars of Hercules," in its day one of the most popular houses of call at this end of the Metropolis, and specially patronised by Bohemian spirits.

The picture also just takes in the first turning to the left—Hamilton Street, originally a row of mean houses terminating in a *cul-de-sac*, which had been built by James Hamilton, Ranger of Hyde Park, in the reign of Charles II. The mean houses were replaced by lordly mansions towards the close of the eighteenth century, and Hamilton Place, as it was then re-christened, became perhaps the most fashionable quarter of the town. Among its illustrious inhabitants was the Duke of Wellington, who was escorted thither in triumph on his return to London after the Battle of Waterloo. Some fifty years ago, when the block at the junction of Park Lane with Piccadilly grew to be a public nuisance, the idea of pulling down the northern line of houses in Hamilton Place was first mooted, and aroused a furious controversy. Four Bills were laid before Parliament in four successive years for carrying out the improvement, but each was thrown out.

Eventually, in 1868, a Select Committee recommended the opening of Hamilton Place into Park Lane, with a roadway not less than sixty feet in width, and in 1869 the Bill was carried. In vain did a certain Mrs. Brown offer £40,000 for the preservation of the aristocratic *cul-de-sac*; the work was commenced, amid the lamentations of

Mayfair, and the new route opened for traffic on June 19, 1871. Foiled in her endeavour to preserve the repose of the place, Mrs. Brown magnanimously erected at her own expense the beautiful fountain which stands opposite Londonderry House. This she did to render the new thoroughfare more attractive.

Mr. Birkbeck Hill is preparing a new edition of Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," which will be issued early next year.

Mr. G. W. Cable's new novel, "The Cavalier," is a remarkably fine picture of the American War of forty years ago, from the point of view of one who served himself in the Mississippi Cavalry. The book has to be read very carefully if one would appreciate its extraordinary power. Mr. Cable's style is so quiet, and at times so elliptical, that it is only after a second reading that one grasps to the full the significance of his descriptions. As a dramatic story, "The Cavalier" is, perhaps, rather disappointing, but, then, it is more than probable that the novelist's kind of drama has nothing in common with actual warfare. Stephen Crane realised this, and made his readers realise it in "The Little Regiment." But Mr. Cable has gone further than Stephen Crane. In "The Cavalier" there is very little of blood and thunder, very little noise, very little booming of guns and flashing of swords, but, throughout, the atmosphere of pitiless, relentless, horrible war. The love-story in "The Cavalier" is just what one would expect from the writer of "Old Creole Days," as tender and touching as anything that has appeared in recent fiction.



HYDE PARK GATE AS IT APPEARED IN 1756.

Reproduced from Water-Colour Paintings in the Crace Collection.

"THE SENTIMENTALIST," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Miss Miriam Clements and her Career—Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. H. V. Esmond's Newest Play.

SHADES of Grant Allen! It was that erudite scientist turned novelist, the genius whose thread of life was severed a couple of years ago, who first introduced to the public, by name, the "Hill-tops" on which so much of the action of Mr. Esmond's newest play takes place. Brilliantly clever Mr. Esmond always is, and greatly interesting into the bargain—qualities which, unhappily rare, are sure to keep him in the forefront of our dramatists as long as he chooses to remain there. For the moment he shares with Mr. Pinero the distinction of being the most favourite author, represented as he is by two productions at the West-End, for at the Comedy "When We were Twenty-One" still continues its successful run.

The daily papers have already told the story of "The Sentimentalist," and followed the career of Evan Griffen from the time when he is discovered asleep on "the summit of a high hill" in Wales, until he is left once more asleep—sleeping the sleep that knows no waking—on the spot where, twenty-odd years before, he had awakened. Perhaps on that very spot he awakens again to the life which, in his most exalted moments, he only dimly saw with the purblind eyes of frail humanity. For frail, indeed, was the life of Evan Griffen, poet and dreamer, whose wings, which might have borne him upward toward the sun, become befouled with the life that is lived, to use the cant phrase which contradicts its own expression.

Mr. Lewis Waller, playing with all his accustomed virility and poetical suggestion, finds in the idealist a man after his own heart, and proves once more the fact which, though it needs no proof, is always so pleasant to dwell upon—that he is one of the few actors with the real temperament of romance in an unromantic age. More than that, he has an enlightened insight into the heart of things, and his Evan Griffen, therefore, is a living, breathing man, now as clay in the hands of the potter woman, and then as the same clay baked hard and dried in the passionate furnace of life.

Miss Miriam Clements lends her exceedingly attractive personality to a character, or rather, to two characters, which make a new departure in the stagecraft of to-day. Years ago, at the Lyceum, Miss Mary Anderson, one of the most beautiful and, in many respects, one of the most richly endowed actresses of our time, startled the conservative proprieties by playing Hermione and then Perdita in the "Winter's Tale," changing from the mother to the daughter, and back again to the mother, in order to meet the exigencies of the occasion. Miss Clements, however, has to do something similar yet different. She not only plays herself in the first Act and the daughter of that self during the rest of the play, but transfers her former self to Miss Frances Ivor, who thus becomes the incarnation of Miss Clements grown older.

It is a long time since Miss Clements has appeared in London, but, were she as willing to accept the offers made as the Managers are willing to make them, it is hardly likely that, with her great gifts and beautiful

personality, she would ever be out of the bill at all. Her career has been remarkable, for, without playing a dozen parts, she has arrived at "the summit of the hill," for, under the circumstances, the hackneyed "top of the tree" would be an obviously out-of-place simile.

Like so many of her sisters in art who now hold excellent positions, she began with Miss Sarah Thorne at Margate. Her first association with the stage and its ways was painting her face black in order to play a speechless negro girl in "The Octoroon." It was not long, however, before she was granted the privilege of speech, for in about a week she was promoted to the second part in the play, and before long she was taking her turn with the rest in the leading parts in the dramas which always followed one another in such quick succession.

After three months' schooling, she left Margate and its theatre for London and the leading part in "Beauty's Toils," with Mr. Willie Edouin, at the Strand Theatre. No sooner was that engagement over than she was snatched by Mr. George Edwardes to play the title-part

in "A Gaiety Girl" on tour. That engagement, however, lasted only a few months, for Mr. Wyndham, who had seen her during her probationary period with Miss Thorne, wanted her for the Criterion, to play the actress in "Hot Water," and the part of his young wife in a revival of "The Candidate." When England was Trilby-mad, Miss Clements was specially selected to play Mr. Du Maurier's heroine in one of the two provincial tours, and, on her return to town, first Daly's and then the Lyric claimed her in order to act in the curtain-raisers which were put on in front of the pieces then played at those houses. In "My Friend the Prince," at the Garrick, everyone will remember her as the Princess, while later on she was the Clara Bamford in "The Dovecot," at the Duke of York's, and, if for nothing else, she made the part of the not too agreeable young lady memorable by the beautiful dresses she wore.

In "A Court Scandal," at the Court, Miss Clements acted the part of the Princess, and then joined Mr. Tree to play Hippolyta in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." After that came the greatest success she had in her career up to that time, "Kitty Grey," at the Vaudeville.

One of the curious coincidences in Miss Clements' career has

been the pertinacity with which she has been pursued, not by villains, but by the characters of Royal personages—the Princess in "My Friend the Prince," the Princess in "A Court Scandal," the Queen of the Amazons in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," to name only a few of them; while, when "Madame Sans-Gêne" was transformed into a comic opera, the part of the Empress was specially designed with a view to her acting it, though up to now the piece has never been produced.

Were Miss Clements asked the reason for her constant association with these Royal personages, a smile would probably come into her hazel eyes, and she would reply, with a ripple of laughter in her voice, that she supposed it was because she had a habit of "behaving as no Royalties ever would or could behave." It would, no doubt, be an enigmatical reply; but women are enigmas, and one of Miss Clements' most delightful traits is essentially her womanliness. As for her success as her mother before she is born, and as her own daughter after the mother has become Miss Frances Ivor, let all playgoers who care for a delightful performance betake themselves to the Duke of York's Theatre.



MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS, WHO DOUBLES THE PARTS OF MARY GURGENVAN AND MARY VENER IN "THE SENTIMENTALIST," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



[Drawn by James Greig.]

THE HUMOURS OF HALLOWMAS EVE (OCT. 31).

(1) Macpherson is on his way to a Hallowe'en party, when some youngsters rush out of an empty house and frighten him with grotesque lanterns cut out of turnips. (2) A lad and lass, blindfolded, go out to pull kail-stalks. (3) Maggie pulls a long, straight stalk, which signifies that her lover will be tall and handsome; while Donald gets a short, twisted one, indicative of his future wife. (4) Nellie has stolen out to plant hemp-seed, and she is murmuring, "Hemp-seed, I sow thee; hemp-seed, I sow thee! He who is to be my true love appear now and pow thee!" And, according to the ceremony, she looks over her shoulder to see the desired lover. (5) This is the apparition she sees. (6) Young Mac, dipping for apples, falls into the tub. (7) Johnny misses the apple, and the candle sets fire to his hair. (8) Lads and lasses, to find out what kind of existence they are to lead, place nuts in the fire, and, if a pair burn steadily and quickly, the lovers who placed them will have a happy life; if the nuts crack, explode, or fly away, the reverse of happiness will be the lot of Jock and Jean.



[Drawn by E. S. Hodgson.]

TOO THIN!

"Well, my man, I can see you're back from 'the Front.'"

"Can you, by Gad? And then they talk about high-living on the veldt!"

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MRS. EVREMONDE AND THE DIPLOMATIST.

BY CHARLES K. BURROW.



"SHALL treat Mr. Allard," said the girl, "as though we were engaged—which," she added, "we are."

"My dear Enid," said Mrs. Evremonde, "you must do nothing of the kind. And please understand that you are not engaged to him. No girl can call herself engaged without her mother's consent."

"I don't see that at all," said Enid. "I've heard it before, of course—it's the kind of thing one's always hearing—but it's unreasonable, and I object to being unreasonable."

Mrs. Evremonde spread her hands in a gesture of wide appeal.

"I should say that lately your most marked characteristic has been unreasonableness," she said.

Enid smiled and patted her mother's hand. "I can't think," she said, "why you invited Mr. Allard to come to-night at all."

"I invited him because he's an old friend. It was impossible for me to suppose that you would make me regret having asked him."

It was after the invitations had been sent out that Enid had announced her engagement, and Mr. Allard had gone forth from an interview with Mrs. Evremonde discomfited but not dejected.

"I beg you, Enid, for all our sakes," said Mrs. Evremonde pathetically, "to behave with discretion. To-night everyone will be here—everyone, that is, of our circle. Sir Lacy Denne will naturally be critical of the daughter of an old friend."

"I like Sir Lacy," Enid said candidly. "Is he really a great diplomatist?"

"He has that reputation, and his appointments would seem to justify it," said Mrs. Evremonde, smiling.

"I like him because he amuses me so—he's so quaint and stickish. But I'm sure he's really kind and nice."

"I hope," said Mrs. Evremonde, "that you don't speak of our friends to others as candidly as you do to me. I don't quite know what you mean by 'stickish,' but I'm sure it doesn't describe Sir Lacy."

"I'm afraid I can't help being candid."

"Candour in a child is charming," said Mrs. Evremonde, "but in a girl of your age it is almost—almost a vice!"

"Then, in that respect, I prefer to remain a child."

Mrs. Evremonde did not feel disposed to discuss the question with her daughter. Indeed, she was most anxious not to arouse that spirit of amused opposition which always set itself against her superior moods.

"I'm glad," she said, inconsequentially, "that you are willing to respect my wishes in regard to Mr. Allard."

"By treating him as though we were engaged?" asked Enid.

"By treating him merely as a friend."

"That," said Enid, "would be impossible."

Mrs. Evremonde was roused to exasperation.

"If you persist in this folly," she said, "you shall not appear to-night at all!"

"But how do you propose to prevent it, Mamma? And what would the guests do?" Enid was so greatly amused that she had to hide her face in a bowl of roses.

"I shall prevent it by locking your door, and you may be sure the guests will accept my explanation that you are indisposed."

"Very well," said Enid. "I think that would be a very foolish proceeding, but it's much better than that I should play a horridly deceitful part."

Mrs. Evremonde gazed at her daughter in a hopeless kind of way. She could not understand how flesh-and-blood of hers could behave in such an utterly irrational manner.

"Do you really mean that you would fly in the face of Providence like that?" she asked.

Enid understood vaguely that Providence, in this instance, was represented, in her mother's mind, by Sir Lacy Denne.

"I must," she answered, "be true to my instincts and my plighted word."

Mrs. Evremonde rose slowly and left the room with a heavy dignity that had an air of impending tragedy. She was deeply, almost mortally, hurt. To have brought up her daughter with the utmost caution, to have guarded her from the danger of unwise attachments, to have instilled into her that essence of worldly wisdom of which Mrs. Evremonde flattered herself she was an engaging mistress, and, after all, to find Enid stubbornly set on an alliance with Mr. Allard—this was to shake the very foundations of Mrs. Evremonde's belief in the justice of Heaven and the ultimate reward of virtue. For a moment the fact that she was a widow came home to her with a poignant sadness. But reflection on the valuelessness of her late husband as an ally in such a matter served to check any inclination to tears.

Mrs. Evremonde constantly suffered the pangs of the scheming woman. She had, in her view, sacrificed all for Enid; herself no more than forty, and excellently well preserved, she had played the affectionate mother's part consistently, assuring herself that all her ambition was for her child. She had, indeed, set her heart on a marriage between Enid

and Sir Lacy Denne. In addition to his desirability from a worldly point of view, there would be the triumph of having secured one who had hitherto proved an impregnable bachelor. Such a conquest would redound to her honour as well as to Enid's gift of beauty. To have the happy symmetry of the idea shattered by such a man as Henry Allard was almost more than she could bear. Indeed, she decided that she would not bear it: it was too awful for serious contemplation.

When Mrs. Evremonde had departed, Enid became serious. If her mother persisted in this uncompromising attitude, she saw nothing ahead but an elopement. Now, to the English girl, above eighteen years of age, an elopement has a certain terror mingled with its romance.

She considered the matter, with a bent forefinger against her lips. She had no idea of submission, but diplomacy might be employed. The word brought Sir Lacy Denne into her mind. The wild fancy that she might appeal to him was picturesque, but, in the circumstances, quite impracticable. She decided to consult her uncle, Mr. Herbert Furner, her mother's brother, who in social matters represented the late Mr. Evremonde.

She found her uncle in his study, deeply engaged in the perusal of Blue Books. He had once been a solicitor to the Treasury.

"Ah, Enid, my dear!" he said.

"Do, please, shut that book and let me talk to you." He obeyed at once.

"You remember," she said, "that I told you all about Mr. Allard?"

"I remember perfectly," he answered.

"He's coming to-night, and I told Mamma that I should treat him as, under the circumstances, I should."

Mr. Furner looked perplexed.

"You told her that?" he asked.

"Yes, and she proposes to lock me up in my room."

"Your mother was always a determined and heroic woman, Enid."

"But supposing I let her do it," cried Enid, "it wouldn't be the least bit of good, because she can't always keep me shut up!"

"She might send you away."

"Then Mr. Allard would follow me."

"He seems to be a very decided young man."

"He is," said Enid, "very decided. . . . Uncle Bertie, why shouldn't I marry him if I want to?"

"My pet, he has only four hundred a-year!"

"And prospects," added Enid.

"Prospects," said Mr. Furner, "are very nice, but they're only prospects, you know, and banks don't consider them."

"Surely you're not going to turn against me, Uncle?"

"My child, how could you think it?"

"On four hundred a-year we could live quite comfortably in a cottage."

"I sometimes wish that I had taken that view. If I had, I might have been a happier man to-day."

"Dear Uncle!"

"Yes, happier and poorer, with less to leave to my dear Enid."

"I want nothing," said Enid. "Oh, if you had only understood earlier that girls don't think of money!"

"Some girls, only some, Enid." Mr. Furner mused upon his youth, which carried his mind very far from Blue Books and awakened in him a strain of sentiment so lively that he could think of a cottage, and even honeysuckle, without a smile.

"My dear," he said, "I can only counsel caution. Personally, I like Mr. Allard, in spite of the infinitesimal income. Humour your mother."

"She has no sense of humour," said Enid, "or how could she seriously talk of locking me in?"

"If she does lock you in," cried Mr. Furner, in a sudden access of temerity, "I will let you out! . . . But, to guard against imprisonment, take the key out of your door when you go up to dress."

"Yes," said Enid, laughing.

"And if you should find it already gone," continued Mr. Furner, "stuff a piece of paper into the keyhole. I remember doing that once when I was a boy."

"So long as you're on my side, Uncle, I don't care what happens. After all, Mamma can't do very much."

"No, no; of course not!" But he spoke with no great conviction. His experience of Mrs. Evremonde was of a nature to make him respect her powers of stolid opposition.

Enid went to dress feeling as though she were engaged in rather a dull comedy. She did not even take the suggested precautions about the door. She was quite as determined as Mrs. Evremonde, but had not that lady's immunity from a sense of the ludicrous. The surest cure for any ordinary youthful passion is to leave it in common daylight, in familiar surroundings, subject to the exhausting influences of the commonplace. Give it a chance to breathe the air of romance and it assumes a different quality. It is a necessity of human nature that there should be some glimmer of the footlights on a love affair.

Enid submitted to the ministrations of her maid with less interest than might have been expected. It was reserved for her mother to spur her to the active state again.

Mrs. Evremonde entered the girl's room without any furtive assault upon the keyhole, and sat down beside her. Pollard, the maid, was brushing coils of golden-brown hair. Mrs. Evremonde had a telegram in her hand.



[Drawn by Phil May.]

FAITH, HOPE, OR CHARITY?

"Well, Bill, 'ow's the old woman?"

"Oh, 'er won't last out the night, Doctor says."

"Eh? Why, Doctor don't know what's the matter with 'er."

"P'r'aps not. But he knows what he give 'er!"

"My dear," she said, "I'm afraid you will be disappointed."

"Oh!" said Enid, glancing at the pink paper in the mirror. "Can't Sir Lacy Denne come, after all?"

"Sir Lacy may always be relied upon. No; it is the younger men who fail us. This is from Mr. Allard."

Enid said nothing, but her heart beat heavily.

"He wires," continued Mrs. Evremonde, holding the telegram squarely before her, "he wires as follows: 'Pray excuse me. Most important engagement elsewhere.—ALLARD.'"

Enid's face immediately became animated. She smiled, and told Pollard to put more vigour into the hair-brushing.

"It's annoying, of course," she said; "but, after all, it won't make any serious difference."

Mrs. Evremonde imagined her to be piqued, and thought complacently of the value of that mental attitude. As a matter of fact, Enid had instantly jumped to the conclusion that there was some of her mother's scheming at the bottom of this unexpected communication, and she naturally resolved to allow no sign of disappointment on her part to give Mrs. Evremonde a moment's triumph.

"Most important engagement elsewhere," strikes me as a little impolite," said Mrs. Evremonde.

"But if it's true?"

"Even truth may be conveniently disguised!"

"I suppose so," said Enid. "That must be one of the rules of diplomacy."

"And yet," said Mrs. Evremonde softly, "no one could accuse Sir Lacy Denne of being untruthful."

With this remark, and a confident smile which aroused Enid's utmost antagonism, she withdrew, feeling that already she had accomplished much. Indeed, it appeared that Providence had interposed on behalf of a mother's tender solicitude for her child's future.

That evening, Enid looked brilliant, and Mrs. Evremonde was justified in her belief that her daughter eclipsed every other woman present. She was as gracious to Sir Lacy Denne as could be desired, and evidently attracted much of that middle-aged diplomatist's attention. He remarked to Mrs. Evremonde, as they sat side-by-side in a backwater of the drawing-room, that her daughter made him feel proud of English blood.

"The dear child is certainly attractive," said Mrs. Evremonde.

"Which, if I may speak as an old friend, Mrs. Evremonde, makes it all the more incumbent on you to see her settled in life."

"Exactly, Sir Lacy," murmured the lady; "and in such a matter I would hear counsel from none so readily as you."

Sir Lacy bowed and made needles of the ends of his moustache.

"It is a matter," he said, "on which I was about to presume to speak to you."

Mrs. Evremonde felt that Providence indeed was present in her drawing-room. She turned towards Sir Lacy with an expression of watchful gratitude in her eyes.

"You are too good!" she said.

"I may offend you by what I am about to say; but I speak from sincere conviction, and, as I believe, with a full knowledge of the facts. Have I your permission to go on?"

"Pray——" Mrs. Evremonde finished the sentence with a gesture.

"I understand from my young friend Henry Allard that he has proposed for your daughter—that he was accepted by her, but rejected by you."

The name of Allard was chilling, but Mrs. Evremonde, as it were, waved it aside, and smiled again.

"Naturally," she said, "I could not think of such an engagement."

"But why, if you will allow me to ask?"

"Impossible!" murmured Mrs. Evremonde, in a startled voice.

"He's an excellent fellow," said Sir Lacy; "excellent!"

"I have nothing to say against Mr. Allard personally, Sir Lacy. But one in my position must go deeper. I'm sure you will understand what I mean when I say that Mr. Allard's income—I speak, of course, in confidence—does not exceed four hundred pounds a-year!"

"That, I believe, is the correct sum, Mrs. Evremonde. I can remember the time when I myself had less."

"But your wonderful abilities, Sir Lacy——"

"Mr. Allard's abilities are quite equal to mine."

"You were always generous," Mrs. Evremonde murmured. She felt confused and at a disadvantage. Providence did not seem so imminent.

"I am deeply interested in Mr. Allard, and also in anything that may concern you and your family. I believe that he will succeed in life, and I am anxious to plead on his behalf. He is, at this moment, having an interview with a Minister from which I anticipate important results."

"That is why he could not come here to-night?"

"Precisely," said Sir Lacy. . . . "And, after all, Mrs. Evremonde, people need not starve on four hundred a-year."

"It would be worse than starvation!" cried the lady. She was betrayed into this candour by the overwhelmingly unexpected turn which the conversation had taken.

"Come, dear Mrs. Evremonde! Their happiness must be considered as well."

"It is that," she cried, "which I do consider!"

"No one could for a moment, doubt your disinterested goodness," said Sir Lacy. "I know how difficult it is to see things from the point of view of very young people. Yet youth is the time for happiness, though we may not realise it till too late."

"It is never too late!" cried Mrs. Evremonde.

"I begin to agree with you," said Sir Lacy, shooting a glance across the room, and then bringing his eyes back to his companion's face. "I find that even in me romance is not yet dead."

His tone caused Mrs. Evremonde to raise her eyes to his. There was an expression in them which prompted hers to fall.

"Romance," he continued, "may come to the middle-aged, though it is of a different quality. I have always deprecated unions between men past their prime and young girls; it is against reason and nature. But a marriage between older men and women of the world, who have had experience of life in many forms, need not lack its own element of romance."

"You speak eloquently," said Mrs. Evremonde.

"I confess the subject interests me profoundly," replied Sir Lacy, shooting another glance across the room to where Enid and Mrs. Trevor Mayne, a distinguished widow of five-and-thirty, were deep in serious conversation.

A sudden change came over the complexion of Mrs. Evremonde's thoughts. In a flash she considered that Sir Lacy Denne had known her for many years, that she had been a woman of policy and discretion, that she was still not ill to look upon. And following this came a sense of loneliness which she felt she had bravely combated for many years. The sight of the amiable Mr. Furner, drifting about the room, accentuated this. He was no true companion, not to be compared with such a man as Sir Lacy Denne. Mrs. Evremonde felt that to be wooed and won again would be no unpleasant experience for a woman not yet past the softer tremors of affection. But her daughter? The name of Mr. Allard was less distasteful to Mrs. Evremonde than it had been. Once more she felt the overruling of Providence. Her breast shook. It was impossible that she could be mistaken.

"Such a marriage as that of which you speak," she said softly, "would be certain to bring happiness."

"Dear Mrs. Evremonde," cried Sir Lacy, touching her hand, "I knew you would agree with me—I was sure of it! But that does not concern us at present. Let us speak again of the young people. I will use all my influence to forward Mr. Allard's interests. He has brilliant abilities. Why not put him into the best position for using them by consenting to this engagement?"

"It would seem so inconsistent," murmured Mrs. Evremonde.

"As to that," cried Sir Lacy, with more than his usual energy, "what matter? The world is peopled by inconsistencies. To unimaginative folk, the other kind of marriage, of which we spoke, might appear inconsistent."

"True," said Mrs. Evremonde, sighing deeply.

"Make these young people happy by giving your consent!"

"I will think of it, Sir Lacy."

"Now is the time!" cried the diplomatist. "A kind and generous deed deferred loses half its grace." He had a lively sense that he was verging on the epigrammatic. "Let me call your daughter now."

Mrs. Evremonde hesitated for a moment. She was lost. She bowed her head—and blushed.

Sir Lacy crossed the room and brought Enid over on his arm, whispering a word in the ear of Mrs. Trevor Mayne as he bent to offer it. He walked with strange elation, and presented a figure of great dignity and grace. Mrs. Evremonde's gaze was veiled in modest triumph.

"My dear," she said to Enid, "Sir Lacy has so deeply interested me, so clearly put before me Mr. Allard's claims upon our esteem, that he has prevailed upon me to consent to this engagement."

"Mrs. Evremonde did not require much solicitation," said the diplomatist. "It was enough to present the matter to her generous heart."

"My dear Sir Lacy, is this true?" asked Enid. Mrs. Evremonde was annoyed that the question was addressed to him. She had not desired a scene, but a hint of tears, a hurried embrace from Enid, would have struck a pathetic note likely to appeal to Sir Lacy in his sentimental mood.

"Perfectly true, dear child," he said. "I congratulate you as heartily as my young friend Allard."

Enid glanced from one to the other in some perplexity. Then she smiled. Mrs. Evremonde did not like the smile.

"Oh, you two good, good people," cried the girl, "thank you so much!"

There really were tears in her eyes, which Mrs. Evremonde noted with approval.

When Sir Lacy Denne called, a few days later, he made no offer of his name and person to Mrs. Evremonde, but she felt moderately satisfied. He was mysterious and still harped upon romance. He looked younger, and had an air that might have been described as jaunty in another man. These symptoms she accepted as indicative of an adoring heart. As, indeed, they were.

After a fortnight's interval, she received a letter from him in which the following passage occurred—

Your sympathy, my dear Mrs. Evremonde, on an evening which you will remember, was of inestimable service to me. From one having your knowledge of life, it came as a solace and encouragement, and was, indeed, instrumental in helping me to a decision of great importance. No, my dear friend—if I may call you so—romance does not die with our youth. In a month's time I hope to be united in marriage to Mrs. Trevor Mayne. . . . Mr. Allard, I understand from Lord —, will be offered a suitable appointment in the current year. I imagine your and your daughter's happiness. . . .

Sir Lacy Denne could never understand why Mrs. Evremonde followed his subsequent career with malignant hatred, until a word of suggested explanation from Mr. Allard set him thinking. It is then credibly reported that the diplomatist laughed.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

"THE LAST OF THE DANDIES."

SPLENDOR of mounting and interest in the clever pictures of the life of Society at a time when a D'Orsay for whom we could find no place nowadays was the glass of fashion in almost all aspects of life render "The Last of the Dandies" so attractive that one may overlook the fact that Mr. Clyde Fitch's play is a poor thing and unworthy of Her Majesty's Theatre. One cannot take seriously the ultra-sentimental cravings for admitted paternity of the selfish spendthrift libertine in the flower of his life if fall of his career. Perhaps, if the author had represented D'Orsay as of his real age—fifty-one at the time of the play—one might have had a fine tragedy in the efforts of the ruined leader of fashion to find a new hold on life by means of fatherly love, but, save in the last Act, this is not attempted, and then ineffectively. The unfortunate truth is that the piece is a long-drawn, thin affair, which seems as if written rather as letter-press to a set of tableaux than actual drama. On the other hand, the tableaux deserve a visit, and the spectacle of the beau winding himself into a six-foot stock and putting on his "frook" is irresistible. By the way, in those days they had a kind of Procrustes tailor who could make a coat that would fit the beau and also his son, who was quite four inches less round the chest. Moreover, the spectacle of the reception at Gore House should prove a draw when such characters as the gorgeous Lytton and splendid Disraeli are introduced to worship at the feet of the amazing Lady Blessington, who in the play, unfortunately, is a very

THE COURT THEATRE.

If, and it seems not unlikely, the new programme at the Court Theatre meets with favour, some new developments may be expected in the theatres. For a burlesque operetta, a short farce, and some individual "turns" make a curious combination, quite different from the triple bill which once enjoyed great success in the little playhouse. Mr. Brickwell has chosen the items in his variety entertainment very well, and the capital work of Miss Fanny Wentworth and ingenious imitations of Mr. Algernon Newark enjoyed much favour. Mr. Herz, a formidably clever young player, made a "hit" in acting and reciting. "Princess Lolah," with book by Mr. Morris and tuneful music by Mr. Tilbury, was received very well.

"THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT."

It seems strange to see Mrs. W. K. Clifford's powerful, gloomy play, "The Likeness of the Night," at the St. James's after "The Elder Miss Blossom." Yet those playgoers who did not see the piece when it was given at the Fulham Theatre will be glad of a chance of considering the one-man-and-two-women drama which, owing to an accidental resemblance to "A Debt of Honour," by Mr. Grundy, caused much gossip. No doubt, "The Likeness of the Night" does not give Mrs. Kendal such a fine part as she has just been playing; yet her marvellous art enables her to create a great effect in some scenes of the powerful, strong play, which, despite some flaws in construction, is a noteworthy modern work. A peculiar interest is given to the revival by the appearance of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree in the play, to the success of which she contributes in a marked degree by a well-thought-out, finely executed piece of acting.



THE REPRESENTATIVE BANDS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA: THE BAND OF H.M. GRENAДИER GUARDS AND "SOUSA AND HIS BAND" AT THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, OCTOBER 1901.

colourless, ordinary person, quite unlikely to set on fire the Thames, or even the stage backwater of our river prettily presented with many tons of real water, to which, alas, must be added no small quantity of H₂O cast on the enterprise by the critics. There is the scene at Crockford's, too, when a puzzling game—hazard, I believe—is played with dice by gorgeous gentlemen in lofty top-hats; there are moments when one asks whether our ancestors went to bed in the top-hats they loved so much, as well as their boots. The Crockford scene is very handsome and capitally contrived, though, unfortunately, we have had so many gambling scenes that it is difficult to get a thrill out of one even when thousands are being staked on a single throw. Very curious, very ingenious in staging, very wonderful in costume, and, alas, very insignificant in drama, one must say—in fact, but one halfpennyworth of play to an intolerable deal of dresses, scenery, and pauses. Yet one should have thrown into the scale the acting, since Mr. Tree's study of D'Orsay is quite masterly and most interesting, so that, indeed, in his scenes—save when the sentimental tap is turned on—the entertainment is quite successful. He really has the grand air, the droll, invincible swagger discoverable in one of Maclise's brilliant drawings of the unadmirable Crichton. Poor Miss Lily Hanbury could do little more than look handsome in the ill-drawn part of the brilliant Blessington—whose brilliance has "to be taken as read," to use the lawyers' phrase. Mr. H. B. Warner was not unsuccessful as one of the uninteresting youthful lovers, and Miss Lily Brayton played prettily as the other. Naturally, the services of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree were of value, and much clever work was contributed in smaller characters by Miss Zeffie Tilbury, MM. Harwood, De Lange, Gerald Lawrence, Fisher White, and others.

The cast, which includes, of course, Mr. Kendal and also Miss Grace Lane, Miss Henrietta Watson, and Miss Kate Bishop, is of such strength that the performance, as a whole, is of remarkable excellence.

SOUSA AND THE GRENAДИER GUARDS.

The night of Oct. 17, 1901, will long be remembered in the loyal City of Glasgow, for then it was that the one and only Sousa, supported by his special Band of clever artistes, entertained the Band of His Majesty's Grenadier Guards at a complimentary supper. A photograph of the two Bands, amicably grouped shoulder-to-shoulder, appears on this page, and the menu, which is certainly of historic interest, was as follows: Hare-soup, cockie-leekie; fried fillets of soles; and tomato-sauce; Scottish haggis; roast chickens and Yorkshire ham; vegetables; college pudding, fruit-jelly; cheese and celery; coffee, cigars.

A PROPER PRINCESS'S PLAY.

The beautifully re-decorated Princess's, recovered from a brief attack of Ouidaesque hysteria, seemed quite itself on the revival of "Two Little Vagabonds" a few nights ago. This is the very house for such a play, and the very play for such a house. And now that that other regular home of melodrama, the Adelphi, has been transmogrified into a new abode for frivolous musical mixtures, there should again be success in store for the long-popular Oxford Street theatre. With a view to fresh, earnest endeavours in this connection, no better selection could have been made than "Two Little Vagabonds," which, as adapted by Messrs. George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley from M. Pierre Decourcelle's "Les Deux Gosses," was produced at this very house

some five years ago, and drew the town. Indeed, it has been touring with two and three companies ever since.

As the more sturdy waif, Dick, for whose sake poor little Wally sacrifices himself, Miss Hilda Trevelyan cleverly succeeds the clever Miss Kate Tyndall, under the management of whose husband, Mr. Albert Gilmer—now of the Oxford—"Two Little Vagabonds" had its first London production. Mr. Ernest Leicester is, happily, available for his original character, the sometime maddened but certainly over-revengeful husband, George Thornton, who, because of his wife's supposed unfaithfulness, actually hands his and her child over to a set of villains. The rest of the cast, which includes clever Miss Ruth Maitland as Barbara, has also been admirably chosen, and both Messrs. Hardie and Von Leer and Mr. Frank de Jong, the Princess's new lessee, are to be congratulated on the way this stirring drama has been mounted.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

Madame Melba seldom visits the provinces. Hence her appearance at Brighton on the 25th inst., at a concert given by Mr. Kuhe at the Dome, caused great excitement.

The Monday Popular Concerts have come to an end, but the Saturday Concerts commenced on the 26th inst. Miss Wietrowitz, Mr. Alfred Gibson, Mr. Friederich, and Mr. Carl Fuchs were the quartette and Mr. de Pachmann was the pianist in the beautiful Quintet of Schumann. The famous Polish pianist also gave solos of Chopin—a composer he interprets most delightfully.

Dr. Richter gave the first of a series of concerts at St. James's Hall on Monday, the 21st. His conducting and the fine execution of the Richter Orchestra gained the fullest appreciation. It is not generally known, but it ought to be, that about half of his performers are natives of this country. Dr. Richter has complimented them by declaring that, for "reading at sight," they have not their equals in any Continental orchestra.

Mr. Frederick Dawson gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on the 23rd, playing works of Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, &c. One of the chief novelties was a series of variations on a theme by Brahms. A Nocturne of Field was also much admired. Field was commonly called "Russian Field," as he spent a great portion of his life in that country. As a matter of fact, Field's Nocturnes suggested to Chopin the idea of his Nocturnes, works universally popular, although few are aware that they were borrowed from an English composer.

I hear from Munich that the Wagner Concerts given in that city are likely to be more popular than those of Bayreuth. In fact, the festivals there do not attract so much as formerly, and at our own Royal Opera the Wagner performances are not surpassed by any Continental interpretations of the great Bayreuth composer, although much is expected from the Paris version of "Siegfried."

I am reminded, by the way, of the Carl Rosa Company at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, where they will give an English version of "Siegfried" on a grand scale. This is the boldest venture the Carl Rosa Company has undertaken.

The famous pianist, Miss Fanny Davies, gave a recital at St. James's Hall on the 25th inst. Her playing of works by Brahms and other famous composers proved an English artist to be fully equal in tone, style, and execution to any of her Continental rivals.

I hear that already certain arrangements have been made for

Covent Garden next spring, when a Wagner series will open the season earlier than usual.

Miss Marion Yates, a young contralto hailing from Yorkshire, made a most successful début last week at the Ballad Concert given in St. James's Hall under the management of the London Concert Direction. She has a fine, rich voice, and was twice recalled after her songs. She is a pupil of Mr. Henry Blower.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER,

who is now touring with a repertoire of plays which includes that old favourite, "Liberty Hall," is particularly lucky to have secured as the sisters in this charming comedy Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Miss Margaret Halstan. Both of these beautiful actresses are well known to *Sketch* readers, but I think especial interest attaches to the new portraits of them that I am privileged to give on Page 58. My readers will be struck by the remarkable similarity in their appearance as presented in these portraits—in fact, they might be sisters in reality as well as in art. Miss Margaret Halstan, by the way, obtained her first

professional engagement with Mr. Beer-bohm Tree as understudy for Trilby, and played that rôle in the autumn tour of 1896. As a child, she was famed for her recitations in English, French, and German, and she has played many leading parts for that excellent Amateur Club, the Strolling Players. Miss Braithwaite, if I remember rightly, was last seen in Mrs. Langtry's "A Royal Necklace" Company, at the Imperial Theatre. This lady also gained her first experience as an amateur.

The patrons of the Savoy Theatre, hitherto the most loyal and constant of playgoers, will assuredly assemble in large numbers at the Savoy to-morrow (Thursday), when will be given the matinée in aid of that clever Savoyard, Mr. Jones Hewson, of whom there was an excellent portrait in last week's *Sketch*. All the leading favourites in town will come along to assist in raising funds towards paying the expenses of the (at present) sorely stricken young actor's health-voyage to Australia.

As to the Savoy, it should here be noted that Captain Hood's and Mr. Edward German's dainty and delightful comic opera, "The Emerald Isle," is now in its last nights. It will be

speedily followed by the Elizabethan comic opera by the same skilful librettist and composer—an opera which long ago had its first public announcement in *The Sketch*, when it was stated that one of the *dramatis personæ* would be no less important a personage than the Bard of Avon himself. In this, Miss Isabel Jay and all the other Savoy favourites will appear.

HIGH JINKS AT THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB.

In the last issue of *The Sketch* I had the pleasure of reproducing John Hassall's clever invitation-card to the Annual Smoking Conversation of the London Sketch Club. It is on my mind, however, that I did not deal as fully as I should have liked with the really excellent show that this band of clever artists had prepared for the entertainment of their guests. The chief item, and certainly a very novel one, was a performance by "Boosa's Band." The instrumentalists included in their ranks such famous draughtsmen as Cecil Aldin, Starr Wood, Tom Browne, Lance Thackeray, Frank Reynolds, Walter Churcher, Lee Hankey, "Jimmy" Pryde, Arthur Hilton, René Bull, John Hassall, and Frank Churcher, whilst the conductor was none other than that old *Sketch* favourite, Dudley Hardy.

BOOSA'S BAND



MR. DUDLEY HARDY AS BOOSA.

Drawn by Starr Wood.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Law versus Cycling in Surrey—A Dismal Outlook—The Coming Winter—Mud-Guards and Leggings—Hills, Brakes, and Danger-Boards—Cycling in Constantinople.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Oct. 30, 5.35; Thursday, 5.34; Friday, Nov. 1, 5.31; Saturday, 5.30; Sunday, 5.28; Monday, 5.26; Tuesday, 5.25.

The continued prosecution—or rather, persecution—of cyclists in middle Surrey is getting rather alarming. The harried wheelmen are brought up not singly, but in droves, and go down before the stern decree of the local administrators of the law even as porcine quadrupeds succumb to the dexterity of the Chicago hog-sticker. I have every respect for the policeman, especially the London specimen; but, really, one is inclined to waver between admiration and fear of the man in blue, now that Surrey magistrates place him upon such a pedestal of veracity and virtue, with a backing of cheap stop-watches and hazy notions as to road-measurements. It would appear the Surrey magistrates are determined to scare the cyclist off Surrey roads. It must be confessed they are succeeding remarkably well in their aim.

Owing to the all-too-apparent antipathy of Surrey magistrates to "The Man on the Wheel," the motor-man has had to fight shy of those roads where constables lurk in bushes ready to "bail up" anything that moves except on legs. It has been pointed out, and with a considerable show of reason, that this prejudice and harassment have already had grave effects upon Surrey inns, hotels, and local shopkeepers. At a time when the country town and village, thanks to the cycle, were reviving some of the prosperity and life enjoyed before the railway-train superseded the stage-coach, it seems remarkable that local inhabitants do not rise boldly against this all-too-patent persecution of their best customer.

Fog, damp, drizzle, and grease! These are what cyclists should look forward to in the month which opens this week—that is, if November acts up to its traditions. It is, perhaps, the worst average month of the whole year; winter, with its frosts, has not quite set in; the roads, therefore, are invariably soft and "gluey," the atmosphere is dank, and the unprepared cyclist risks more than he usually cares to think about. It is a time when one should clothe and muffle well, when waterproofs should form part of one's equipment, and when mud-guards should be fitted to those wheels which have been unprotected during the summer and autumn. In this latter category, most of the accessory-houses retail exceedingly well-made, easily fitted, and cheap mud-guards of leather. I do not favour the makeshift mud-guard myself, preferring the metal guard usually fitted by the maker of the bicycle; but still, there are so many cyclists who *will* ride without guards in fine weather that the detachable emergency article enjoys some popularity.

Speaking of the coming winter sets me wondering why wheelmen who ride all the year round do not favour leggings more when riding on muddy roads. For two or three years I have used them, with every success. I do not mean the stiff, hard-as-a-board leggings as used in hunting or campaigning, but a specially made article of soft leather

covering the tops of the shoes and fitting closely to the leg up to the knee. The pair I use I got from Russia, where cyclists invariably ride in top-boots or leggings, and, as I have said, I have found them very serviceable on muddy roads. Some of our accessory-dealers might do worse than accept the hint thrown out.

What a capital invention the Bowden brake is! One can scarcely wonder at its universal popularity when its effectiveness is so apparent. I had good reason to think this last week, when riding tandem in the extremely hilly district west of Barnard Castle in North Yorkshire. The country was unknown to me, and, with the presumption of ignorance, we tackled every declivity we came to. I remember one, the worst, I think, I have ever descended while in the saddle, and I must confess that, in spite of the two brakes fitted to the machine, I feared for the result when I saw the trap we had run into. Thanks, however, to the brakes, the drop was negotiated with safety, though the brake-shoes "smoked" with the friction on the rims. With good brakes fitted to one's machine, a large number of the hills which are ticketed as dangerous

possess no risk to the cyclist. At the time when most of the danger-boards were erected by the National Cyclists' Union and the Cyclists' Touring Club, men rode high bicycles and tricycles, with very inefficient braking-power—in fact, on the former it was a danger itself to apply the brake. On the rear-driving bicycle there is little fear of cropper or "header," no matter how hard the brake is put on; so that, now most riders use brakes to both front- and rear-wheels, there are few hills which cannot be descended with safety. Could not the warning-boards in these cases be made to read as applying to brakeless cycles only?

A certain Diplomatic official in the City on the Golden Horn has advised British bicycle-makers to endeavour to do some trade in Constantinople. Could any suggestion be more ludicrous? The roads of Constantinople are too terrible for words, and the only carriage-way in European Turkey is that vile libel on the name of Macadam which connects Pera with Therapia. Cycling will never be possible in Turkey until there are roads of some sort constructed and the

average male Moslem educated that a bicycle-wheel is not the sort of thing at which to hurl one's fez. In 1894, Sir Edgar Vincent, then Controller of the Ottoman Bank, strove mightily to introduce cycling in the Orient, and was responsible for a small cement-track which was laid down on the shores of the Bosphorus in front of the Therapia Palace Hotel.

However, the sport never caught on, inasmuch as Abdul Hamid discouraged the idea of the Faithful disporting themselves on wheels. At the present time, there are, perhaps, not more than a dozen cyclists in Constantinople, and these confine their cycling to the pathways of the Taxim Gardens or the military parade-ground.

R. L. J.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.



MISS ROSE DUPRÉ, NOW PLAYING IN "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY," AT THE ROYALTY.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Houghton Meeting.

Many of the old-fashioned racegoers finish the year with the end of the Houghton Week, but the younger sports stick to their guns the year round. Given fine weather, the Houghton Meeting is one of the most popular of the series annually held at headquarters, but the present fixture will suffer from the absence of Royalty. The sales will attract the foreigners, but I do not predict any sensational prices, as money is tight the world over just now, and there are very few Dukes of Westminster in the market. Of course, I refer to the colt of that name, who, I hope, will be now re-christened the "Popular Duke" by Mr. Faber. In the days of old, it was possible to see H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, Sir Charles Russell, Sir Henry Hawkins, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and others, on the Heath before breakfast during the Houghton Meeting. But time changes, and, this week, the only one of the old followers of the morning's work likely to be met on the Heath will be Mrs. T. Challoner senior on her useful cob. Mrs. Challoner seldom misses the morning work. Her boys, Philip, Richard, and last, though by no means least, George, are doing well as trainers. Master George, who graduated in the Machel school under the eagle eye of the late James Jewitt, has some very useful animals in his stable.

The Cambridgeshire.

In my humble opinion, the Cambridgeshire is the best betting race of the whole year. Owners like to start their horses in this race on the off-chance, and they back them too. When a favourite like Winkfield's Pride gets home in the Cambridgeshire, the bookmakers know it. That reminds me that a likely candidate for Wednesday's race is Royal Winkfield, who is almost certain to be placed. The Solicitor has been backed as if all were over bar shouting, but a friend of mine who saw the race for the Cesarewitch from the Bushes tells me that Lord Carnarvon's colt ran shiftily and could not be trusted in a big field. Osboch is very likely to finish in the first three—that is, if he goes to the post. At the time of writing, he is unsteady in the market, and here I would remind readers that it is always possible for favourites to be scratched after these lines have been penned. Racehorses are kittle cattle; they are all right to-day and struck out of all engagements to-morrow. I think the race will be won by Royal George, who has some consistent book-form to recommend him. The Stockbridge trainer, Russell, knows his business thoroughly, and seemingly he now has the colt just to his liking. The colt is, as a matter of course, a big City tip, and Mr. Humby, who bred him, is very fond of his chance. History proves that half-breds do well at times; witness the case of Curzon, trained at Stockbridge, who ran second to Sir Visto for the Derby.

Recruits Wanted. I do wish I could induce more flat-race owners to run horses under National Hunt Rules. It was hoped, after the victory of Ambush in the Grand National, that the sport between the flags would have revived; but no, we still have the same old platers, the same old crocks—nothing new. It is pleasant to be able to add that Leigh will go in for the training of jumpers this winter. Mr. Frank Gardner owns several flat-racers that should be able to pick up hurdle-races. Mr. Willie Moore has some useful jumpers in his stables at Danebury, and there are any number of moderate horses in training at Lewes and Epsom, while the stables presided over by Sir Charles Nugent, Major Edwardes, and Mr. Blagdon respectively may be relied upon to supply jumpers; but, with one or two exceptions, the Newmarket trainers lie low during the close season, which is a pity. Five out of every six of the horses that run in weight-for-age selling races during the season under Jockey Club Rules could easily be trained for jumping instead of being allowed to eat the bread of idleness. I commend the idea to owners of the standing of Sir Blundell Maple,

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and more especially to Lord Derby and Lord Stanley, both good patrons of the Aintree Flat Meetings.

Telegrams.

A leading Post Office official told me many years ago that the tipster telegrams paid the expenses of fitting the instruments up on the racecourses. The general public never think, when reading the lightning results of racing in the evening papers, of the trouble and expense caused in getting the news up quickly. Wires have to be spliced on to the course, and instruments have perhaps to be carted miles, to be taken away again at the finish of the meeting. Then, in the case of meetings like Doncaster, Epsom, and Ascot, sixty or more telegraph-operators have to be requisitioned, to say nothing of an army of boys to deliver messages on the course. Yet the arrangements to-day are not as complete as they were twenty years ago, when the Tape Companies ran special wires to Croydon, Epsom, Kempton, and Sandown Park. Many of you will be surprised to learn that I was able to publish the fact of there having been nine false starts along with the result of Quicklime's City and Suburban victory, and I could stand in front of the tape-machine in London and get information of interest ten minutes before it was procurable by the casual observer on the course.

A Grumble.

It is a very long time since I have grumbled about racecourse comforts, but the time has arrived to humbly protest against the high prices charged on the course for fruit. Good eating-apples could be purchased at any fruit-shop in London at a penny each, and grapes—a glut in the market—are procurable at

one shilling per pound. Clerks of the Course should stipulate with the hawkers of fruit for fair living prices: Tomatoes and apples to be retailed at a penny each; nuts at one shilling per pound; grapes (ordinary hot-house) at eighteen-pence per pound. This is a vital question, as the open-air treatment has been the means of increasing the number of consumptive patients attending race-meetings, and these poor people go in largely for a fruit diet. It is only fair to add that the fruit-merchants supply the best quality only, but their prices are too high. Again, a good supply of bananas, oranges. Brazils and other nuts in season should be on sale at all race-meetings. I wonder some big Covent Garden firm does not contract to supply all the meetings during the flat-racing season. Perhaps it may be left to an American Trust to take the matter up.

CAPTAIN COE.



TRENTHAM, WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND ARE TO SPEND THE HUNTING SEASON.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

A HISTORIC MANSION.

Trentham, where the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are to spend the hunting season, has many claims to interest, not the least being that of having inspired Lord Beaconsfield with one of the best-written descriptions of a great country-house ever penned, that of *Brentham*, in "Lothair." It was the great statesman-novelist who described the Duke of Sutherland's Staffordshire home as "an Italian palace of freestone, vast, ornate, and in scrupulous condition." As an actual fact, Trentham is of brick and stucco, but the general effect produced is extraordinarily fine and stately, and the late Duke of Devonshire used to say that, in his opinion, the garden front at Trentham was unrivalled, his own glorious Chatsworth not excepted.

The lovely young Duchess who is now mistress of this beautiful house and estate carries on the noble traditions of her mother-in-law. All and sundry are welcome visitors to the fine park, and it is easy to imagine how great a boon this must be to those whose dreary lives are spent amid the Potteries. Trentham has entertained in its time many noted Royal visitors, including King Edward and Queen Alexandra. It is probable that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York will pay a short visit there during the present winter.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

WITH one's return to town, the usual social treadmill begins anew—a tea here, a dinner there, a theatre-party somewhere else, the usual inanities of the women, the familiar banalities of the men, and so the wheel grinds out its course. What strikes one most in taking up the threads of town is that there seems to be so much talk and so little conversation amongst one's acquaintances. "The Dolly Dialogues," only less so—with a good deal of slang "spatchcocked" in, to quote the officially defunct Sir Redvers—seem to serve for the interchange of our small thoughts in appropriately small coin. And no one, apparently, remembers that a little wit goes a long way—a little wisdom immeasurably farther. I have heard more about clothes from one gender, and "turnip talk," with a little racing thrown in, from the other, within a week than any previous October record. Certainly it is nice to come back and meet one's friends again; but, if they could be endued with new ideas as well as new clothes, how vastly more interesting it all would be!

Talking of clothes, as one inevitably must, I see that, by way of still further painting the lily of luxury, big Paris dressmakers are actually treating fur garments to a liberal display of richly jewelled embroidery combined with quantities of real lace. I have seen a three-quarter-length coat entirely of chinchilla, the ample skirts finished by a wide flounce. Under the bell-shaped sleeves were others of tight-fitting cloth, these being overlaid with a minute embroidery of emeralds and

its glories, and over the fur was a fine incrustation of jet and paste, which, with the most cunning art, increased rather than hid its attractiveness. Jewels seem, in fact, the key-note of all present ornamental effect. Not only do they accompany costume, but they waylay and overrun every tuck and fold, while, with the increasing



A HANDSOME OPERA-CLOAK OF WHITE SATIN, SABLE, AND BLACK LACE.

diamonds. The vest was similarly embellished, and cascades of rose-point adorned sleeves and collar. A long evening-cloak of black panne, hanging in ample folds from an ermine yoke and collar, had a Capuchin hood of the same beautiful fur, from which depended flounces of old Venetian point. Hanging sleeves of ermine completed



[Copyright.]

PINK CHIFFON AND LACE.

wealth of the great middle classes, the acquisitive instinct in every woman which leads her on to the coveted acquirement of a jewel-safe grows ever more strikingly evident. Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers, but someone wittily capped the great Corsican's climax lately by proclaiming us a nation of retired shopkeepers; and this, indeed, more nearly represents the present year of grace and commerce, as he who calls the roll of our great country-houses, our grouse-moors, our Park Lane and Mayfairian mansions may readily mark and learn for himself.

Before passing from the jewellery topic, I am constrained to record my admiration for the very gorgeous display of fascinating gauds at the moment on show at the Association of Diamond Merchants' in the Strand, Grand Hotel Buildings—tiaras, which are to be more than ever a vogue next Season, in view of expected Coronation gaieties; many new designs of exceeding grace and beauty in necklaces and rivières of single stones which mark with a shivering line of fiery light the rounded contours of a beautiful neck; brooches and corsage ornaments of a hundred various patterns and prices, from the great trail of flowers which may adorn the laces of a millionaire's wife to the graceful trifles which go to give pleasure to our daughter's birthday breakfast-table.

Incidentally, it may be here remarked that the prices at the Association of Diamond Merchants', Strand, are, above all things, moderate and just. The most casual acquaintance with jewellers' shops will assure the purchaser of this reassuring fact. Combined with most excellent taste both in the design and setting of their jewels, the

Association of Diamond Merchants unite to it a series of scale charges which are patently modest, trusting to a large "turnover" to compensate them for the small profit on each individual article. They may, therefore, be recommended with confidence as giving the best possible equivalent for one's outlay in this direction.

The subject of giving tips is a perennial one and returns regularly every autumn as certainly as the partridges and pheasants. I see that some of the dailies are girding at the rapacity of the Continental waiter, who is ever hungrily on the look-out for backsheesh. But how about setting our own houses—or rather, our country-houses—in order, where the abuse flourishes like a green bay-tree, or should one not say a deadly upas-tree? I know dozens of comparatively poor men who refuse one invitation after another at this time of year rather than face the inordinate expectations of keepers, and, indoors, things are hardly better. Beginning with maid and ending with butler, the extortionate necessities which the shortest visit imposes are a terror to one's purse, and yet, in spite of all grumblings, the system goes on. If a few of the big hostesses set their faces against it, something, no doubt, could be done. At Woburn Abbey, for instance, notices are placed in the hall and guest-chambers requesting that "tips may not be given to the servants." And I have met the custom in my own personal experience at two big houses in Leicestershire. But hostesses of such courage are few, and until a larger number join the league this barbarous relic of Georgian bad manners will remain. For my part, I have never found servants willing to work for one under the most ample equivalent for their services, and why one's friends should be mulcted by them for performing duties they are well paid to do, I cannot, for one, understand.

The Children's Happy Evenings Association is once more starting its winter work in the slums of London, and on Thursday Mrs. Julius Wernher gave a doll show, at her beautiful house in Piccadilly, to exhibit the dolls which are going to amuse some fifteen thousand poor children during the winter. The beauty of the dolls exceeded that of those of past years, one, specially beautiful, being a life-sized baby sent by Mrs. Marc. Mrs. Wernher collected from her own personal friends over two hundred dolls, dressed in various styles. Mrs. Davison sent a large number dressed in various peasant costumes. Two dolls which attracted a great deal of attention were the pair sent by the President, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall and York, and dressed as Punch and Judy.

Lady Howard de Walden received many congratulations on the doll she had dressed in full Court-dress, and which is to go to a school in which she is specially interested. The whole show was arranged by Miss Pryce and Miss Stegmann in a very artistic way, and showed the dolls to the best advantage. Among those who visited the Exhibition were Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Longford, Lady Jane Taylour, Sir John Puleston, Lady Mansfield Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Grantham, Lady Margaret Rice, Admiral and Mrs. Markham, Mr. Pett Ridge, Hon. Mrs. Newdigate, and Lady Walker of Sand Hutton.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ESTELLE (Colchester).—As the Exhibition is over, you will find all information concerning the Ideal Officers' Quarters at Messrs. Norman and Stacey's City premises, 118, Queen Victoria Street, or at their warehouse at 252, Tottenham Court Road, where an immense sale is now going on.

J. L. F. (Greenore).—Your inquiry is quite outside my line of country. I should have treated it as a feeble joke if you had not enclosed your card. As it is, I can only recommend you to write to the *Times*. It is a safe way of airing a grievance, and much resorted to by the more fluent British public. SYBIL.

The Royal School of Art Needlework has just completed a Royal Banner for St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

The portrait of Mr. George R. Sims which appeared in the last issue of *The Sketch* was by Messrs. G. and R. Lavis, Eastbourne.

Their Majesties' arrival at Euston from Balmoral last week was characterised by extreme simplicity and lack of ceremony. Considering that the Royal train had to travel over the systems of three railway companies, with halts at one or two places and a fog at Wigan, it says much for the Managements of these lines that the long journey of nearly six hundred miles was accomplished to the minute. Mr. W. Moffatt, the General Manager, and Mr. Deuchar, the Superintendent, of the Great North of Scotland, took charge of the train on its first stage, from Ballater to Aberdeen. Thence to Carlisle the Caledonian Manager and Superintendent, Mr. R. Millar and Mr. Kempt, were responsible. At Carlisle, Mr. Fred Harrison, General Manager, Mr. R. Turnbull, Superintendent, Mr. C. A. Park, Carriage Superintendent, and Mr. Groom, District Superintendent, of the London and North-Western, took over the duty. Every precaution for the safety of the Royal travellers was taken, and His Majesty was evidently well pleased with the arrangements. For he shook hands cordially with Lord Stalbridge, the Chairman, who awaited him at Euston, and other officials of the Company. Preceded by a single outrider and amid the respectful greetings of the crowds on their way to business, their Majesties drove to Marlborough House, which they reached just before nine o'clock on a typical London autumn morning.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Thirty-five (from July 24 to October 16, 1901) of *THE SKETCH* can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Simultaneous Maffickation—The New Prince of Wales—"Queen's Birthday"—H.M.S. "Buckle," Self-Destroyer—Ruling the Waves: New Style—Important Events that have Never Happened—The Great Silences of History—"Inside Information."

SHOULD there be opportunity, there will be every excuse for an enthusiastic, not to say uproarious, reception of the Duke of Cornwall and York on his first public appearance in London. The first half of this year was clouded by the deepest mourning. Then we have had nothing to provoke Maffickation. There have been no sieges or anything interesting of that sort; the captured Boer leaders have dribbled in one by one; the novelty of the War has worn off with the public, and the most successful Generals of the day, who formed the perpetual topic of conversation a year ago, have come home as unobtrusively as if they had been dismissed the service in disgrace. There is a suppressed King's Birthday next week, but it clashes with Lord Mayor's Day, and London feels as much cheated out of an anniversary as a child who has been weak enough to be born on Christmas Day.

The delay in altering the Sovereign's birthday, the title of the Duke of Cornwall and York, and many other things, has been, of course, out of respect to the prestige and tradition which attaches to what is long-established—and in England of all countries. "Loyalty is a plant of slow growth," and associations which have been gradually gathering strength, some of them for sixty years, cannot be suddenly torn up. We are hardly used to what changes there have been yet. Anyone asked suddenly the date of "Queen's Birthday" would be more likely to say May 24 than Dec. 1. The Duke will become Prince of Wales before long now, but, if created immediately after the Accession, he would have been at a disadvantage receiving a title with the prestige of that of "Prince of Wales."

Provided the sea is dead-calm, the *Ophir* will be pioneered into Portsmouth Harbour by gunboats and self-destroyers—torpedo-destroyers, I should say (my knowledge of Naval matters is small)—and, if only the water-tubes can be held together through the morning and the destroyers navigated over the ripples without curling up backwards and going to the bottom in their excitement, this imposing demonstration of our naval might may be trusted to be carried out without any great loss of life. And who dares say that the British sailor, in face of whatever danger, is afraid? H.M.S. *Britannia* may crack in two over a three-foot wave and go to the bottom with a flop, but we know that it will be with her crew standing shoulder-to-shoulder on her deck and going proudly down with a satisfied and contented cheer.

Now that the tour is so successfully over, we should not leave unexpressed a word of gratitude to the splendid detective organisation which has prevented a single untoward incident occurring during the whole seven months and a-half in which the Royal couple have been constantly "on show." We are always ready enough with our witticisms at the expense of the blind, deaf, and infirm policeman. Let us remember the suspicious characters who have been captured, both in Canada and Australia, "before the fact," and imagine the number of modern Guy Fawkes's who have been silently consigned to the common gaol, unwept, unadvertised, and unsung, until all opportunity of doing harm was past.

Anarchists are more active to-day than ever—to say nothing of cranks and lunatics—and the feeling against England all over the world is most bitter. However personally popular a Prince the Duke of Cornwall and York may be, the Blood Royal have to bear the brunt of this. A detective with "a good memory for things that never happened," as an Irishman put it, could write a thrilling book on the disasters which would have been important if they had occurred. Beethoven used to say that the most impressive part of music was its great silences. The great failures of history are no less remarkable.

"Have you a London in England, too?" a Canadian is said to have asked an Englishman on one occasion; but do *we* know so very much about Canada? I heard a lady tell another at a reception that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York had shot the Niagara Rapids—a feat which, I believe, has been done only by one or two people in the world, in barrels or something of that sort. Equally well-informed is a French newspaper which declares, from inside information, that the Duke of Cornwall and York, "like the Lord Mayor and the rest of the Royal Family," hates public processions.

HILL ROWAN.

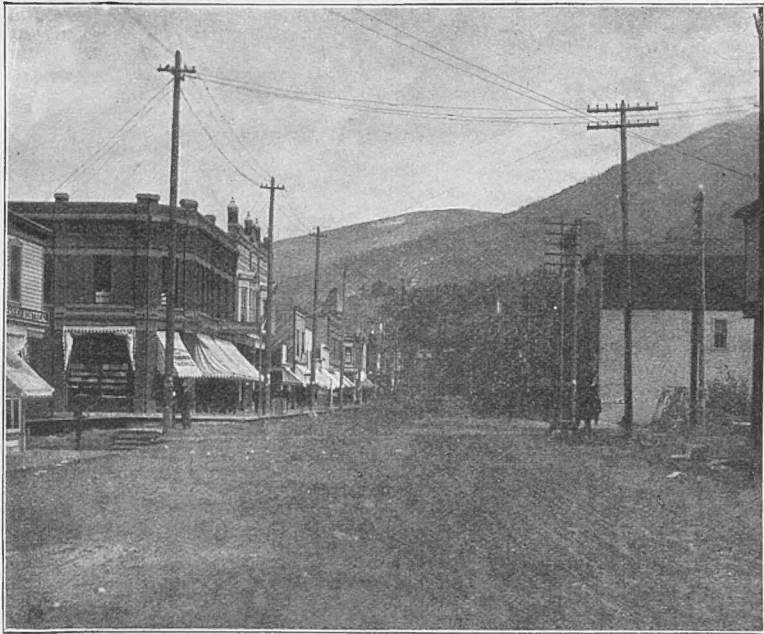
The recent departure for South Africa of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Edouard Percy Girouard, D.S.O., to resume his duties as Director of Railways, is significant of important events in the opening-up of our two new Colonies. Sir Percy Girouard is Canadian-born, and is still a young man, only just over thirty-four, but has crowded a good deal of splendid service into his Army career. Born at Montreal, he received his military training at the Canadian Military College at Kingston, and since then has won distinction in Egypt and the Soudan; has been Railway Traffic Manager at Woolwich Arsenal, Director of Soudan Railways, and President of the Egyptian Railway Board. He has been in England lately consulting our best-known railway engineers.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on November 11.

THE NEXT ACCOUNT.

LET us hope that the nineteen-day Account which is now upon us will not prove as disastrous as most of its kind. When times are good and there is hardly a cloud the size of a man's hand on the horizon, it is proverbial that nineteen-day Accounts bring disaster; but, now that there are signs of financial storm all around, we have



ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: BAKER STREET, NELSON, B.C.

serious hope that the old superstition may prove unfounded. The continued decline in values during the last month, which upon the whole of the securities quoted or habitually dealt in upon the London Stock Exchange must amount to quite fifty or sixty millions, is, of course, a very disquieting factor, especially as enormous quantities of stock are carried on borrowed money, and what would happen if any large quantity had to be realised suddenly is very unpleasant to imagine.

Those of our readers who were prevented from purchasing Kent Coals at 9s. by our remarks a few weeks ago, or were induced to realise from the same reason, ought to bless us, now that the price is 3s. 6d. or 4s. It is extraordinary how little progress this wretched enterprise makes, although for eight or nine months the shaft is said to have been within one hundred feet of the supposed seams. Unkind people have been heard to say that even the present price is maintained only because of the delay in sinking.

CANADIAN RAILS.

The Royal visit to Canada and the phenomenal crop in the Dominion have combined to invest Canadian Railway stocks with a peculiar interest this summer, the companies netting enormous increases in traffic receipts. With Grand Trunk stocks and their prospects we dealt the other week, and that market is inclined to be duller on a cessation of public interest now that the full dividend on the First Preference stock has been paid and there is nothing much to "go for" at the moment, although traffics keep uniformly good. Canadian Pacific shares, however, are steadily mounting, and are within easy reach of the price attained a few months ago, which marked the high-water level reached by Canadas. That was 117½, and it is a little difficult to realise that only four years ago the quotation went to 46¾. In 1895 it fell as low as 35, the dividend working out at only 1½ per cent. for the year. Since then, of course, the whole face of affairs has changed, and there can be little doubt that Canadian Pacifics have settled down to a minimum basis of 5 per cent. per annum. At the present price of the shares an investor gets rather more than 4¼ per cent. on his money, with very fair prospects of an advanced rate in time. Those familiar with the Dominion confess that even they are startled as they travel over the ever-extending lines of the C.P.R., so changed are the conditions now from what they were but a few years ago. Civilisation travels on the engines of the Canadian Pacific, and the Company has done much to extend the mining industry by lending smelters, &c., to enterprises situated in regions through which its metals run.

MINES MISCELLANEOUS.

The hardest of the Mining Markets is that devoted to Indian propositions. The usual late-autumn dividends are beginning to make their cheery appearances, and, in spite of the dullness reigning elsewhere in mining matters, the buying of Indians goes on steadily and persistently. Even now, Mysore Gold yield over 10 per cent. on their market-price, and we see no reason why Champion Reefs should not come into line with the premier Colar Company. After Indians, some of the Copper varieties are beginning to attract attention—Utahs, for instance, which look better on a good monthly showing, and Cape Copper, the improved

tone of these being helped by Continental purchases. Caledonia Copper, however, are hopelessly neglected, but Rosslands and Kootenays both command a certain amount of market. If there be anything good at all in either Company, the current quotations are certainly worth the consideration of the speculative buyer, even more so, perhaps, than are Stratton's Independence, which are now in the neighbourhood of a guinea, ex dividend. The market does not like the suspension of ore-shipments, caused, it is said, by disputes on the railways which serve the company. Mr. Hays Hammond is expected in London within the next few weeks, and he will, in all likelihood, address the shareholders on that all-vital question as to the life of the mine. Why Stratton's shares should be dealt in by the Klondyke department of the Stock Exchange must always remain a mystery, but so it is, and the Le Roi shares of that division are something out of favour, partly owing to the fresh Westralian scandal, connected, of course, with the Lake View Consols Company. British America Corporations are nominally sixpence, while Standards are literally price-less. Those who were foolish enough to think of joining Mr. Whitaker Wright's farcical scheme of amalgamation of the three companies, Globe, British America, and Standard Exploration, should change their minds lest a worse thing happen unto them.

THE STRANGER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to call him a Stranger any longer. Anyway, he is beginning to know the Yankee tail of Throgmorton Street from its Westralian head, and it was to the latter that he first directed his steps the other evening.

"What's going on?" asked a well-dressed individual who was smoking a big cigar and addressing himself to The Stranger.

"That's what I want to know myself," responded he.

"Come and have a look, then," said the broker, with a smile.

The Stranger followed his guide as he wedged his way into the middle of the crowd. "What's the excitement?" he demanded.

"It's only Lake View," returned a hatless creature close beside him. "The bears are having another go at the shares."

"What'd' you think of them?" The Stranger correctly concluded that he had heard another phrase dear to every member of the Stock Exchange.

"I don't know *what* to think, sir," came the courteous reply. "With a split like this in the camp, it is absolutely impossible to know how to act."

"Ought I to sell a few?"

"Personally, I would rather buy them. But, with all these side-currents, with——"

"——Mine-managers and other gamblers disfiguring the kerbs of Throgmorton Street——"

"You never know where you are." And the speaker ended with a sigh of virtuous despondency.

"Exactly so. Then you don't think I ought to clear my clients out of Lake Views?"

"No, I don't. But I should be careful how I put old ladies into them."

"You're not much better than one yourself," said the broker, laughing, and hastily retreating from the personal violence threatened.

"Oh! I am so sorry!" exclaimed a gentleman to our Stranger. The latter was feeling his arm, down which there ran a light, feathery warmth, quite different from the vaccination effects which he had lately experienced.

"I was discussing the tobacco position," went on the apologist, who was very red, "and in my heat I allowed my cigar-ash to drop into your sleeve."

The Stroller smiled, bowed, and shook his arm.

"It doesn't at all matter," he said; "and I am very much interested in the tobacco question myself."

"Is that so?" asked the first. "Will you have one of these?"—holding out his cigar-case. "We were wondering whether Salmon and



ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: WHEAT-SHEAVES, PEMBINA VALLEY, MANITOBA.

Glucksteins would be much affected in the long run through this 'cut' in the prices of cheap cigarettes."

"There are stories current in the North, where I come from," said The Stranger, "concerning that firm, which seek to show that it will have to join the American Trust in the end whether it likes to or not."

"Not it!" ejaculated a man standing by.

"I don't much like the present aspect of affairs," quoth he of the cigar-case, "so I have sold my Salmon shares. Hope to get them back cheaper by waiting a bit. Hullo, Israel, what are Rio?"

"Dindoes are about three-quarters," returned the party addressed.

"What does he say?" asked a man over The Stranger's shoulder.

"Tintos are about three-quarters—46½, you know," came an answering voice. "How many do you want to trade in?"

"Fifty shares."

"Just one moment! Let me go and have a look at the market."

The Stranger stayed to see the fifty Tintos bought and sold.

"They tell me that Tintos have seen the worst of their fall," observed a bystander.

"It depends largely upon the Amalgamated Copper prices, doesn't it?"

"What does?"

"The future course of Tinto shares, you dunderhead!"

"My Paris people say that, if their market could get over its flatness, Rios would be at once taken up by the French cliques."

"They are in a bad way in Paris, I'm afraid," remarked a fresh speaker.

"But Tintos will go better, all the same," persisted the first tipster.

"There may be another smash ahead of the Copper things, and besides, I don't like your reasonless tips," returned the other. "You should leave them for the newspapers."

"My dear sir, surely you must know by this time that an absolutely reasonless tip has every bit as much chance of coming right as an absolutely reasonable one."

"Dangerous doctrine, old man."

"Dangerous grandmothers! Now, I could bring forward a score of reasons to positively prove that Consols must go better; but, all the same, I am convinced that the price will see 90 before the end of the year."

"New Loan, Charlie?" interrogated a friend.

"More Consols next January, probably at 90 or 91," laid down the confident Chancellor, "or else we shall have a three per cent. Government Loan round about par."

"Fancy talking about Goschens in the street!" put in another, and the group around The Stranger quickly dissolved, as though somewhat ashamed of itself.

The Stroller bethought him of the Southern Common that he had bought on a tip picked up during his walk on a previous evening, and turned into Shorter's Court to see if he could hear anything about them.

Everybody seemed to be shouting "Milwaukee," with an occasional inquiry for Little Denvers.

"My dear fellow, our market is going dollars better!" exclaimed an evidently ardent bull to a man he had just buttonholed.

"It's all artificial," objected the victim, "and if there is a crisis coming in the Copper Market, where will your Yankees be?"

"What does artificiality matter, so long as you make money?" was the eager reply. "You can safely buy yourself Louisville and Southern Common—"

The Stranger pricked up his ears.

"—for a smart rise. Southern Common have a clear couple of dollars' jump ready for them."

"Is the line doing so well then?" The question was put with meek resignation, to be met with an indignant—

"How on earth should I know? It does not trouble me a cent. What I go on is the advice of good people, and they tell me that Southern Common are the things to have."

"Then I may as well keep mine for a wee bit, spite of the reasonlessness of their tips," soliloquised The Stroller, turning West. Then aloud, "Trocadero, Cabbie," he ordered.

Saturday, Oct. 26, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

H. C.—We sent you the brokers' names on the 23rd inst. The two investments you name are not bad, but we prefer Gas Light and Coke Ordinary and Inter-oceanic of Mexico 5 per cent. Prior Lien bonds. If you could pick up City of Wellington 6 per cent. Waterwork bonds or City of Auckland 6 per cent. 1930 bonds—both are rather scarce—we prefer them to anything else.

STOCK.—Your friend could only have been referring to some very exceptional shares in which there was really no market. As a general rule, when shares are rising they are very easy to sell. It is when prices drop heavily that difficulty is usually experienced in realising. There are a few mines (especially in the Jungle Market) in which it is difficult to deal, although there is nominally a rising market.

RAGAL.—We have no faith in anything West African. (1) Appantos own property bought from the Fanti Corporation, which is supposed to be in their favour. (2) We cannot find the syndicate you name. You have probably given the wrong name.

SOMERSET.—(1) We can add nothing to our answer to "Yorks" last week as to Strattons. (2) We don't think so, except, perhaps, for a gamble, taking a small profit. (3) The price quoted was far above the market, and a mere attempt to sell at 5s. more than you could get the same thing for on the Stock Exchange. We are told the business is doing well, but have no reliable information since the last balance-sheet.

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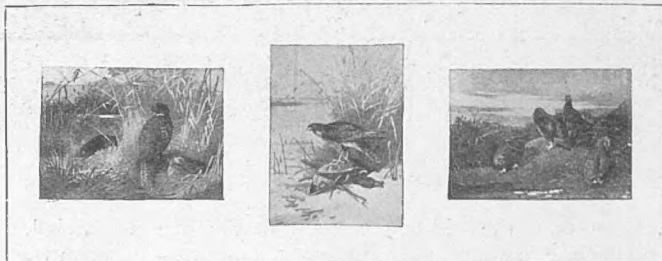
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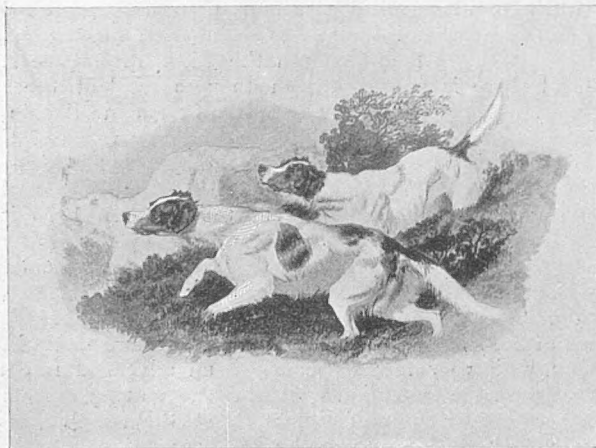
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